

FOR
WOMEN OF
STYLE
AND
SUBSTANCE

MORE

MARCH
2015

VOL. 18
NO. 2

**BE YOUR
OWN BOSS**
A REBEL'S
PLAYBOOK

**SUPERBUGS
FOR SUPPER?**
WHAT'S
REALLY ON
YOUR PLATE

TÉA LEONI
THE TRANSFORMATIVE
POWER OF
A SECOND ACT

**WHAT
TO WEAR AT
30,40,50**
A NO-REGRETS
GUIDE

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PAGE 55



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COVER PHOTO: Rene & Radka. Stylist: Emily Barnes; hair: Thanos Samaras at the Wall Group for the Marie Robinson Salon; makeup: Misha Shahzada using Chanel Rouge Coco Shine for See Management; manicure: Roseann Singleton at Art Department using Chanel Le Vernis in Secret and Mica Rose; prop styling: Chelsea Maruskin at Art Department; production: Nathalie Akiya at Kranky Productions. Dress: Maria Lucia Hohan silk gown; marialuciahohan.com. Bracelets, from top: Roberto Coin 18k gold bangle; Neiman Marcus. Stylist's own bracelet. Leoni's own bracelet. To get Leoni's look, try Chanel Natural Finish Pressed Powder, Le Blush Crème in Cheeky, Ombres Matelassées Eyeshadow Palette, Le Volume de Chanel Mascara and Rouge Coco in Grace.

PHOTOS, FROM LEFT: RENE & RADKA, PAUL JUNG, MARTYN THOMPSON



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THIS MONTH AT *MORE*

AND ON MORE.COM



More's spring beauty shopping list

The latest makeup trends, a sophisticated new scent, the season's most coveted Chanel nail color—you'll find everything you need to refresh your look this season at more.com/spring2015beauty.

RUNNERS, ARE YOU READY?

**THE *MORE*/FITNESS
WOMEN'S HALF MARATHON**
is less than two months away!

HOSTED BY
NATALIE MORALES and ERICA HILL
of the *Today* show, the race
(our 12th) will take place in New York
City's Central Park on Sunday,
April 19. Our theme, as always, is Women
Run the World, and this year we
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NIELSEN YEAR-TO-DATE AUGUST 2014, IN WOMEN FACE CARE IN MASS MARKET

LETTER FROM

THE EDITOR



What to (really!) wear at 30, 40, 50, 60

AT MORE we take dressing rather seriously. That's because we know that whether we like it or not, others will judge us by what they see when we walk through the door—and that is our clothing. We've also read the studies suggesting that if we look good on the outside, we feel good on the inside. Which means that when we produce a story containing fashion recommendations for each decade—like “Best Spring Fashion (for Every Age)” on page 80—we don't take the responsibility lightly. We scrutinize every hemline to decide what looks good and what doesn't, for each age and body shape. And you should know that we often have impassioned fights in the fashion closet as we all stick up for what we think!

In the debate about age-appropriate dressing, this is the central question: How can we continue to look chic and up to date without seeming to try too hard? What's the line between hip and ridiculous? Fab and frightful? And does that line move as we age? Luckily for me, I've had the benefit of watching fashion experts duke it out for 20 years, in which time I've developed a few principles of my own about dressing well at every age.

STEP AWAY FROM THE CHEAP CLOTHES Look, I love a Uniqlo T-shirt as much as you do. It goes perfectly with yoga pants as you run around on weekends. (My new “affordable obsession” is COS.) But unless you're 31, for more important occasions you need darts in the right

spots, a bit of stretch and some good bias draping—and for that you'll have to pay up. So buy less but buy better. Find designers who work for your body and stick with them.

YOU DON'T NEED ANY MORE BASICS

I know, I know: A great turtleneck or black dress makes life a lot easier. But you own those already. Now is the time to invest in statement pieces: quirky, fun, ultrachic. That's how we spotlight our uniqueness (as opposed to what we wanted to do in our twenties, which was to blend in). Find a killer coat in an unusual print or color and wear it to death.

DON'T COVER UP AS YOU GET OLDER

This is the bone I have to pick with most fashion authorities, who seem to believe that as you start to age, loose and long-sleeve are best. Not me. Pick your best body part (shoulders? waist?) and show it off. That doesn't mean parading around in an overly daring outfit. Go for subtly sexy; we no longer need to peddle ourselves so hard.

So that's what I think. Let me know what *you* think by reading this issue and taking the survey below. I really would appreciate it.

LESLEY JANE SEYMOUR
Editor-in-Chief

YOU BE MORE'S EDITOR—AND WIN \$10,000! I know you have an opinion about every page in the magazine. Now's your chance to vent—by taking our online survey. It's simple. After you've read this issue, just go to more.com/march-2015-survey and tell me what you think—and enter to win \$10,000. Please note: Complaints are as welcome as compliments. Really! Because knowing more about your reactions—whether positive or negative—is what helps me make the magazine better. For rules, see page 130.



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MARCH
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FLEUR POWER

This face oil boasts five rose derivatives, but the belle of the blend is Rose de Mai, extracted from a type of rose that blooms only once a year. “It calms inflammation and softens lines,” says Chantecaille’s founder, Sylvie Chantecaille. Massage it into the skin or mix a few drops into your face cream.

CHANTECAILLE *Rose de Mai* oil;
CHANTECAILLE.COM.



ROSE GARDEN STRATEGY

Shaking off its rep for being dated, the rose is a spring essential. Its new incarnations—from skin care to fragrance—soothe skin, smell sultry and look chic

BEST OF THE BEST

BEAUTY



SMELL THE ROSES

Perfumers Alberto Morillas and Amandine Clerc-Marie picked Bulgarian rose—a rich, heady scent—to dominate this fragrance, then balanced it with notes of musk and suede. The result: a perfume both delicate and sensuous that works from day to night.

SALVATORE FERRAGAMO
Emozione Eau de

Parfum; BLOOMINGDALES.COM.

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BEST OF THE BEST

BEAUTY

A ROSY FLUSH

A dusty-pink blush looks romantic and flatters all. “This formula provides definition in a feminine, delicate way,” says Chanel celebrity makeup artist Fulvia Farolfi. For foolproof contouring, sweep the darker shade of the duo below the cheekbone, then stipple the lighter shade on the apple, blending outward.

CHANEL *Jardin de Chanel Blush*
Camélia Rosé; CHANEL.COM.





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WHAT'S OLD IS NEW

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VALENTINO calfskin bag; VALENTINO.COM.



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BEST OF THE BEST

FASHION

YESTERDAY TO TODAY

“Women are mixing vintage and modern in order to create a statement that’s singular,” says Louis Webre, senior vice president of the auction powerhouse Doyle New York. Webre sees an uptick of interest in clothing and accessories from the Victorian, Art Nouveau and Art Deco periods. Case in point: these chandelier earrings. They offer a perfect marriage of Victorian-era stonework (old) with a surround of black-edged flowers made of feathers (new).

JOHN HARDY white-gold natural feather earrings with aquamarines, sapphires and diamonds; 888-838-3022.



BEST OF THE BEST

FASHION

THE PAST IS PRESENT

This Mary Jane looks culled from the 1920s (note the color and fabric) except that it has been tweaked into modernity by a pointier toe and the pavé crystal embellishment on the heel shaft. Just right for a speakeasy or summit meeting—your choice.

MARC JACOBS velvet and pavé Mary Janes; MARCJACOBS.COM.



THE TOAST OF THE TOWN

Once you sip from
a goblet like this, you'll
never use a plain old wineglass
again. As it should be

BY SHEILA BRIDGES



I'LL DRINK TO THAT

When I was growing up, the “good” stemware was saved for major holidays, and the rest of the year it gathered dust in our dining room china cabinet. That’s exactly what I tell my clients *not* to do. If you have nice things, use them! This vintage midcentury Italian glassware comes in a slew of styles, in rich, saturated colors, and it works for formal and informal occasions. Whether you fill it with water or wine, it’s a great way to enjoy luxury every day.

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THE END OF HISTORY vintage Italian
stemware; 212-647-7598.



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7 BEST
COMPLEXION
perfecters

Forget Photoshop: Makeup artists rely on these cult favorites to fake perfect skin. Here's why they're so good and how you should use them

BY MELANIE RUD CHADWICK



TALK ABOUT STAYING POWER: With new cosmetics launching daily, a product must be outstanding to stay in the lineup for years. These classics all have what it takes, from surefire color to impossible-to-copy formulas.

CREATE A SMOOTH CANVAS

Since its 2011 debut, (1) **ARMANI Luminous Silk Foundation** (\$62; ARMANIBEAUTY.COM) has been a megahit, thanks to its smooth-as-satin finish.

The science behind its fabulous feel: micro-fine pigments that melt into the skin rather than just lie on top. The foundation's luminous properties also help minimize imperfections, so you're never tempted to overapply, says makeup artist Kristofer Buckle, creator of Kristofer Buckle Cosmetics. And with a range of 24 shades, it's easy to match your skin tone. **ACE YOUR APPLICATION** Using a foundation brush, dot foundation down the center of your face first, from forehead to nose to chin, advises Andrew Sotomayor, a makeup artist in Los Angeles and New York City. "This is

the area most likely to be red or discolored, so it's where you need the most coverage," he says. Then brush outward. (Don't use a sponge, which will absorb too much of the liquid, leading to uneven application.) Finish by gently pressing, not smearing, the product into your skin with your fingertips. "The pressure helps the base to lie smoothly, especially if you have any fine lines," says Buckle.

COVER IMPERFECTIONS FULLY

"This is always in my kit. No matter which other concealers I try, I keep going back to this one," says Pati Dubroff, makeup artist and creator of Pati Dubroff Beauty. She's referring to the (2) **CL   DE PEAU BEAUT   Concealer** (\$70; CLEDEPEAUBEAUTE.COM), which comes in six shades. Its moisturizing formula, natural-looking color and long-lasting coverage make this the holy grail of concealers, with nearly a million tubes sold since its launch in 1999. "When I have to prep a client in minutes, I can put this on her skin, without foundation, and she's ready to go," says Sotomayor.

ACE YOUR APPLICATION "Rub your finger over the top of the stick to warm it up and soften it slightly," says Sotomayor. "This helps the product blend perfectly into skin." If your goal is to conceal large areas of discoloration—say, redness around your nose or flushing on your cheeks—apply with your fingertips, Buckle advises. To cover dark spots or blemishes, dab on with a small brush.

TURN DRY INTO DEWY

Since its 1998 debut, (3) **LAURA MERCIER Tinted Moisturizer Broad Spectrum SPF 20 Sunscreen** (\$44; LAURAMERCIER.COM) has become the brand's biggest seller and inspired two new versions: oil-free and illuminating. This hybrid of a moisturizer and a lightweight foundation evens out the complexion and leaves skin dewy. "I used it on Sharon Stone 10 years ago and on Lucy Liu just recently," says Buckle. "Because it's so moisturizing, it never looks masklike and is ideal for dry or mature skin." That's due in part to a formula rich in nourishing vitamin E (with sunscreen and antioxidants to boot). »

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ACE YOUR APPLICATION Since this product is a hydrator, use less of your daytime moisturizer, says Buckle. And because it has less pigment than a foundation, application needn't be precise. Smooth it on as you would a skin cream: Spread a dime-size amount on four fingers and blend across your face.

EVEN OUT A DARK SKIN TONE

For women with darker skin, (4) **KEVYN AUCOIN** *Sensual Skin Enhancer foundation* (\$45; [BARNEYS.COM](#)) is the crème de la crème. The line launched in 2001, and it “offers the full coverage that dark skin usually needs in order to adequately hide hyperpigmentation and textural variations such as pores,” says Buckle, who uses it on actress Gabrielle Union. “There’s also tremendous variety among the dark shades, whereas many other lines only have a few options.” The creamy, waterproof formula can also be dotted on as a concealer.

ACE YOUR APPLICATION Blend, blend, then blend again—that’s the secret to making this richly pigmented product look natural, says Dubroff. A little bit goes a long way, so use just a dab and buff into skin with a foundation brush. If you find the formula a bit too heavy or dry, Buckle suggests mixing it in equal parts with moisturizer, which will soften the consistency.

OVERCOME DARK UNDER-EYES

Every 10 seconds, somewhere in the world, another (5) **YSL** *Touche Éclat* (\$41; [YSLBEAUTYUS.COM](#)) is sold. Can you say international sensation? “This magic wand re-educated makeup artists on how to conceal shadows,” says Dubroff. Adds Sotomayor: “When someone tells me they can’t get rid of their under-eye circles, I give them this.” The formula has specially micronized pigments to perfectly reflect light, brightening dark circles and blurring fine lines. The highlighter, out for more than 20 years, is so foolproof, it has never been altered. **ACE YOUR APPLICATION** Use alone or layered over concealer to eliminate raccoon circles. One caveat from Dubroff: Avoid applying the brightener on puffy bags, as it will only accentuate them. Instead, swipe along the dark

3 NEW WAYS TO HELP SKIN LOOK FLAWLESS



LIGHTWEIGHT POWERHOUSE

BareMinerals brings us *Complexion Rescue Tinted Hydrating Gel Cream SPF 30* (\$29; [sephora.com](#)). A potent combo of sunscreen, moisturizer and an antioxidant, this sheer, gel-cream tinted moisturizer is also notable for what it does not contain: silicone, oil, parabens and fragrance.



BUDGE-PROOF CREAM BLUSH

Cream blush has a pretty, dewy finish—until the color either disappears or slides south. Enter makeup artist Charlotte Tilbury, whose celeb clients needed a cream color that would go the red-carpet distance. Voilà: cream-to-powder *Beach Sticks* (\$45; [charlottetilbury.com](#)) whose special polymers make pigments stay put.



PREMAKEUP MAGIC

Step one in achieving a radiant look is a smooth, moisturized face. *StriVectin Instant Revitalizing Mask* (\$62; [strivectin.com](#)) can get you there in just 15 minutes with its skin-prepping trifecta: alpha-hydroxy acids (which exfoliate), glycerin (which plumps) and light-diffusing mica (which helps hide flaws).

half-moon underneath the raised spot. “Or dot it on near the inner tear ducts and outer corners, both prone to darkness,” says Buckle.

BE BELIEVABLY BRONZED

Created in 1984, (6) **GUERLAIN** *Terracotta Original Bronzing Powder* (\$52; [SEPHORA.COM](#)) was the first bronzer ever sold—and this ground-breaker still leads the pack. “It has the two key qualities of a good bronzer: natural-looking pigments and incredible blendability,” says Dubroff. Not to mention a range of eight shades. “The 00 shade is great for porcelain skin, while 7 adds the perfect warmth to darker complexions,” says Sotomayor. The finish, he adds, is also spot-on: “It’s matte but not flat. There’s no shimmer, but it still enlivens dull skin.”

ACE YOUR APPLICATION For a diffuse, believable glow, choose a large brush with long, fluffy bristles. “Sweep it across the bronzer, then tap the side of the handle on your counter to get rid of the excess so you don’t deposit too much color on your skin,” says Sotomayor. Dust onto the areas where the sun would naturally hit—along your forehead, cheekbones and jaw—in the shape of a 3 on each side of your face.

MAKE CHEEKS POP

(7) **CHANEL** *Joues Contraste Powder Blush* (\$43; [CHANEL.COM](#)) may have launched in 1980, but it’s the antithesis of bad ’80s blush. “It has this gorgeous iridescence that gives skin the prettiest glow,” says Buckle, who also appreciates the varied color options. “I love that there are both vibrant brights, which are wonderful for darker complexions, and light pinks for fair skin.” Plus, unlike many other powder blushes, it doesn’t look chalky. **ACE YOUR APPLICATION** Opt for a fan brush, which delivers a wash of color that you can gradually build up for a more intense effect, Dubroff suggests. Smile big and apply only on the apples of your cheeks, being sure to avoid the eye area. “People tend to put blush too high up. If it gets into lines or wrinkles, it will make them look deeper,” she cautions. And because this formula is so sheer, you can go brighter than you normally would. ☉

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LEFT TO RIGHT Lunch hosted by Editor-in-Chief, Lesley Jane Seymour and Fashion Director, Jonny Lichtenstein; NIC+ZOE Trunk Show; Ultherapy demonstration; Giorgio Armani Beauty Celebrity Stylist, Tim Quinn, giving a reader makeover; Baume & Mercier sweepstakes winner; Jambu Pop-up Shop; Roberto Coin Boutique; Buick Display.


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HAIR: CHARLIE TAYLOR USING RENE FURTERER AT HONEY ARTISTS; MAKEUP: MISHA SHAHZADA AT SEE MANAGEMENT USING FRESH; MANICURE: CASANDRA LAMAR USING CHANEL LE VERNIS/CAKE BEAUTY; SET DESIGN: STEVEN NASSIMOS FOR ROB STRAUSS STUDIO; MODEL: MARI K AT ONE MANAGEMENT



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MARISSA WEBB silk shirtdress, linen skirt, leather belt; **MARISSA-WEBB.COM**. **JIMMY CHOO** leather flats; **JIMMYCHOO.COM**.



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IN HER CLOSET



VAVRA IN HER LAIR (above). She pairs a Chanel tweed coat with skinny leather jeans for a not-so-serious effect. The green earrings (right) "are probably Kenneth Jay Lane," Vavra says. "In the winter I love big cocktail rings, but in the summer I wear my hair up a lot, and that's when I like a statement earring. It's the one seasonal accessory change I make."



THE SNAKE-PRINT trench (near left) is from a line of coats Vavra is manufacturing. The cut is based on a vintage trench she found in Paris. A beloved top-handled bag (below) "is shaped like a Kelly, which I love," Vavra says. "I'm a sucker for anything leopard."



Mixing old and new

DIANNE VAVRA

DIANNE VAVRA is holding up a black vintage Chanel jacket, looking at it the way one would gaze at a puppy or possibly one's own child. Vavra has been wearing vintage clothes and accessories her entire life, and her collection makes me drool. "As soon as I got my own car, I'd go to flea markets and consignment shops in every town I visited," she says. A classic Chanel bag was her first find, but she soon started buying 1920s and '30s cocktail dresses. Vavra, a modern gal with a big job—she is the senior vice president of press relations at Dior Beauty—expertly mixes old and new. "Vintage can look costumey, even kooky," she says. "I ground it with things that are very simple and modern."

Her cache is kept in a second-floor bedroom of her Long Island, New York, home that she has turned into a dream closet. Stainless clothing racks on wheels, like the ones stylists use, are jammed full. A curiosity cabinet overflows with clutches (Lanvin, Dior), bags (Hermès, Chanel) and more than a dozen velvet-lined trays holding jewelry: cocktail rings, charm bracelets, a dazzling Chanel bib necklace.

One of her finds, a leopard-print coat she bought in Paris years ago, is the inspiration for a line of trench coats Vavra is now producing (le-trench.com). "I sold some of my collection to finance this venture," she says. "It's a business based on a vintage coat, bankrolled by my vintage collection." Together we spend hours pawing through her treasures. Does she have a favorite? "If my house were about to flood, I'd grab all my Hermès bags," she says. "Assuming that my kids weren't home at the time, of course!" —**SUSAN SWIMMER**





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London: Everything old is new again

BY MELISSA BIGGS BRADLEY

IT'S THE FAST-MOVING financial capital of Europe and arguably the most cosmopolitan city on the planet, so a taste of classic Britain in the heart of London is increasingly difficult to find. The Holborn neighborhood, however, still feels distinctly British and is suddenly attracting shoppers and history buffs seeking old-fashioned English eccentricity. Holborn, which lies just east of Covent Garden and south of Bloomsbury, has such legendary sites as architect Sir John Soane's marvelous house-museum; London's largest square, Lincoln's Inn Fields; and the newly renovated Charles Dickens Museum, which houses the largest collection of the author's memorabilia in the world. The area's top shopping street is Lamb's Conduit, with a charming, pedestrian-only stretch of blocks filled with quirky antiques, fashion and housewares boutiques, as well as old-world tailor shops. Literary lights gather at Persephone Books, a publishing house and

bookstore focused on women's literature, and wine lovers flock to Vats. A few blocks north are one of the oldest cemeteries in the city and the newly opened Dairy Art Centre, with contemporary exhibits. Also nearby is Cockpit Arts, an incubator that is home to the studios of more than

100 artists and artisans, including shoemakers, jewelers and even a milliner to the royals. And with the recent opening of the Rosewood London, the neighborhood has a glamorous five-star hotel that features apartment-like suites, tweed-clad doormen, a buzzy brasserie and a bar with a library-meets-members'-club atmosphere. It's a pinnacle of posh amid the quiet charm of Holborn. ☺

LOCATED in a grand Edwardian building, the Rosewood London (above) brings modern luxury to Holborn. Even this small stretch of Lamb's Conduit (left) conveys the timeless appeal of the newly chic shopping street.



MELISSA BIGGS BRADLEY is founder of the travel site indagare.com.

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Pimento cheese makes a comeback

BY AMANDA HESSER AND MERRILL STUBBS

ALL CLASSIC DISHES wander in and out of favor. What keeps them classic is that even though we may spurn them for a while, we inevitably long for them again. They exert a magnetic pull we can't resist.

Pimento cheese is our latest reborn love. A longtime staple spread in the South, it's made with grated Cheddar, jarred pimentos and, wait for it, mayonnaise. (Don't judge until you taste it!) Some people (aka heretics) add Worcestershire sauce; others see fit to mix in cayenne and pickles. Ritz crackers are the usual sidekick. This snack, which brings to mind summer seersucker and Spanish moss, can

now be found in parts north, even in rainy, chilly Seattle, where it's folded into macaroni and cheese at the Wandering Goose restaurant. In Brooklyn, at Wilma Jean, it's served nachos style, with tortilla chips. And at Son of a Gun in Los Angeles, it comes with potato chips.

Pimento cheese can be whatever you want it to be: Change up the cheese, serve it with sophisticated crackers (as above), add more heat or spices and make it as stiff or as loose as you like. We love it in grilled cheese—two classics in one. (You can find the recipe in our new book, *Genius Recipes*, which is available for purchase on food52.com.)

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AFICIONADO

DRINK



Veggie cocktails

BY AMANDA HESSER AND MERRILL STUBBS

IT'S ABOUT TIME, in this age of juice culture, that someone thought to add a little pizzazz to all the greens and other vegetables we're drinking. Beet juice on its own is fortifying, but beet juice with a few shots of Campari and gin stirred in, as they do for the Beet Negroni at Parm restaurants in New York City, is like a ray of sunlight on a grassy meadow. Other vegetable juices, such as kale, carrot and cucumber, all turn out to be valuable team players on the cocktail field, making compatible foundations for drinks: They're robust and flavorful yet clean enough not to tussle with vodka, gin or tequila. Vegetables also play well with twists of citrus as well as infusions of spices and herbs.

We're fans of the **Garden Variety Margarita** (shown at left; you can find the full recipe and instructions on saveur.com). Served at The Wayland in the East Village, it is built around kale and ginger juices, which are mixed with blanco tequila, agave nectar and lime juice, and has a smoked-salt rim. All in all, it's the liquid equivalent of a spa in Tulum.

Some people favor mashing the vegetables over juicing them, as a way to add a little texture to a cocktail. Here's an easy Cucumber Spritzer to get you started: Grate a tablespoon of cucumber into an old-fashioned glass. Use a muddler to smash the gratings. Add a handful of ice cubes, 2 tablespoons simple syrup, a shot of vodka (or gin) and 1½ teaspoons lime juice, and top with soda. Give it a stir, and toast to drinking your vegetables! ☺

AMANDA HESSER and **MERRILL STUBBS** are cofounders of the website dedicated to all things kitchen and home, food52.com.



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OFF DUTY

Protect your parents' wealth

SHOULD YOU WORRY about your parents' finances? Maybe. Only 5 percent of those 65 and older say they've been victims of financial fraud, but the figure is probably larger, since many simply don't report it, says Walter White, CEO of Allianz Life. If you have concerns about your parents, it's worth keeping an eye out: According to an Allianz study, the average elderly victim lost \$30,000; about one in 10 lost more than \$100,000.

Watch for these warning signs

1

YOUR PARENTS GET NUMEROUS UNSOLICITED CALLS Scammers know seniors are more likely to answer the phone and less likely to hang up on an unwanted caller. Plus, exploiters sell phone numbers of people who are phone receptive. Get your parents caller ID and sign them up for the federal Do Not Call list (donotcall.gov), suggests AARP fraud educator Sally Hurme. Advise them to send unknown callers to voice mail.

2

YOUR PARENTS' MAILBOX IS FULL OF DONATION REQUESTS Look for snail mail solicitations from groups or causes to which they have no connection. Opt out of unsolicited mail by signing your parents up for the Direct Marketing Association's Mail Preference Service (dmachoice.org). Any mailings they subsequently get are most likely fraudulent.

3

KEY DOCUMENTS ARE BEING CHANGED

Is a parent talking about adding someone who is not a natural choice (a newfound friend or long-lost relative) to a bank account, credit card or power of attorney? That's a big warning that someone is trying to take advantage, says elder-law attorney Geraldine Champion. Another idea: Let your parents' bank know that you have concerns so it can alert you to changes.

4

YOU'RE BEING SHUT OUT One reason seniors are reluctant to admit they are victims is that the exploiters are often people they love. The exploiter tries to isolate the victim, Hurme says, telling her that concerned family members are being nosy or greedy and that the exploiter is the only one who truly cares. Contact your county's Adult Protective Services office (napsa-now.org) if you suspect your parents could be victims.

5

THERE'S AN UNCONFIRMED EMERGENCY

Since 2010 the Federal Trade Commission has reported more than 40,000 "grandparent scams," in which a pretend grandchild calls and says he needs cash fast to deal with an emergency. Tell your parents to verify any supposed emergency with the alleged victim's family members or come up with a secret password that they can use to substantiate the claim. —LIZ WESTON



THINK YOU AREN'T QUALIFIED? APPLY ANYWAY

AGAIN AND AGAIN in the literature on women's careers, I read the same troubling statistic: Women tend to apply for jobs only when they meet 100 percent of the qualifications, but men are likely to apply when they have just 70 percent of the credentials. The stat is usually followed by advice on how women can be more confident.

In my work as a women's leadership coach, however, I haven't found women to be particularly timid. So I surveyed more than a thousand professionals to uncover the real barrier. What emerged: Only about 10 percent of women don't apply for a job because they lack confidence. More than 40 percent, however, refrain because they are under the false impression that stated job qualifications are non-negotiable. And 15 percent don't apply simply because they are being good-girl rule followers and adhering to the guidelines. That's sad, because in reality the listed qualifications can reflect the employer's fantasy of a dream applicant who doesn't exist or merely the company's initial thinking about the role.

Bottom line: Apply for a job even if you don't meet all the qualifications. Advocacy, relationships and a creative approach to framing your expertise may be more important than any skills outlined in a job posting. —TARA MOHR

TARA MOHR, a writer living in San Francisco, is an expert on women's leadership and well-being and the author of *Playing Big: Find Your Voice, Your Mission, Your Message*. She is the creator of the Playing Big leadership program for women. @TaraSophia

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How much less Latina women earn over a lifetime compared with white men in 21 states.



Go ahead, be your own boss

BY CINDY GALLOP

WHEN I FOUNDED MakeLoveNotPorn.com, a video-sharing platform that celebrates real-world sex, my goal was to create a healthy, more open dialogue about sex to counter the influence of porn as default sex education. Despite the obstacles, my team and I succeeded. I started my other company, IfWeRanTheWorld.com, to turn human and corporate good intentions into collective action. Now I would love to see more women become entrepreneurs. Yet so many of the women I meet say, “Oh, you’re so brave for starting your own business. I

could never do that.” Yes, you could, you can, and you must. Here’s why.

IT’S THE SAFEST OPTION Women tend to believe that laboring away in corporate America is the “safe” thing to do. Wrong. You are at the mercy of a change in management, a market downturn, mergers and acquisitions, personality clashes and other circumstances beyond your control. Working for yourself, on the other hand, you are entirely responsible for you. Whose hands would you rather place your future in?

YOU CAN DITCH THE RULES YOU HATE

Business has developed over the years as a male-centric construct. Because of that, many women think that there is a set number of business models and ways to make money and that they have to operate under one of them. Actually, you can design your business model any way you want.

Ask yourself, What do I most love doing? If you’re working, write out everything you do in your job. Then be ruthless: Strike from the list everything you hate and focus on the rest. Next ask yourself, Under what conditions do I most love doing those things? Is working at night pleasant? Do I prefer interacting with certain types of clients? Once you understand how you like to work, you can design a moneymaking model around that.

YOU HAVE SOMETHING VALUABLE TO SELL TO WOMEN

You have a talent, a skill, a hobby, a pastime or an idea that I guarantee you can sell to other women. Why women? Because the male-centric business world has difficulty seeing our commercial potential. Women buy in every sector. More important, we share. Social media is a new way for us to do what we’ve done since the dawn of time: share things in a way that men don’t. Create for women anything they need, love and will recommend, and you’ll have a big seller.

YOU WILL MAKE THE WORLD HAPPIER

Men have no idea how much happier they would be living in a world that was equally informed, influenced, designed, managed and driven by women. Business success today depends on complementing the male leadership model of “command and control” with the female model of “collaboration, consensus, community building”—and we need as many women as possible designing their own businesses accordingly and creating happier working environments.

So strike out on your own and change the world through business. Because you can.

CINDY GALLOP (above left) is an advertising consultant, the founder and former chair of the U.S. branch of the advertising firm Bartle Bogle Hegarty and the founder of IfWeRanTheWorld.com and MakeLoveNotPorn.com. @CindyGallop

SHOULD YOU LEARN TO CODE?

EVEN IF YOU won't be vying for one of the estimated 1.4 million IT jobs expected to be created by 2020, establishing basic knowledge of computer language will be key to staying relevant in your career. "Someone who wants to be professionally productive needs fundamental coding literacy," says Jake Schwartz, CEO of the coding school General Assembly. "You don't necessarily have to know how to code a website by yourself, but you need to understand whom to hire and what skills they need."

IF ALL YOU WANT IS A PRIMER To learn enough to hold a basic conversation about HTML, CSS or JavaScript, do the free, entry-level exercises on websites like code.org or codecademy.com. You want to understand what role code plays in company projects and what kind of time, talent and resources a project requires, says Stephen Van Vreede, owner of ITtechExec.com.

IF YOU'RE A MANAGER Building your skills beyond the basics can improve your communication with the people who create your company's Web-based projects. Talk with them about the programs they use and pick a skill to develop. Schwartz says courses on app development and front-end Web development (for polishing existing websites) are popular. Search local colleges for a continuing education class tailored to your specialty or enroll in a free MOOC (massive open online course) hosted by a university. Go to class-central.com for a guide.

IF YOU'RE CONSIDERING CODING AS YOUR SECOND ACT Enrolling in an academy will help you reach the professional level. Programs cost about \$10,000 and require a multiweek commitment, but these boot camps can be worthwhile: Graduates see their income jump by 44 percent on average, according to CourseReport.com. Go there to search for a coding academy in your state. —LAURA SHIN @laurashin



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2 — TRACK YOUR UMBRELLA A thumb-size Bluetooth tracker tucked into the fabric allows you to pinpoint the last location of the Blunt + Tile umbrella (not that you'd ever lose it). Worried about other items? The tracker, also available separately, fits in your wallet or clips onto a key chain. **Blunt + Tile Umbrella: \$99; bluntumbrellas.com. Tile tracker: \$25; thetileapp.com**

3 — TRACK YOUR BIKE With the super-cool Helios Bars, which replace your bike's standard handlebars, you can give your cycle its own phone number. If your bike ever goes missing, just send it a text. Helios Bars will text you back a message containing a link to your bike's current GPS coordinates. The handlebars can also determine your speed and provide turn-by-turn navigation (iOS only). **\$279; ridehelios.com**

4 — TRACK ANYTHING Attach the coin-size StickNFind tracker to anything you don't want to misplace, like your passport, laptop or camera. While the app can't pinpoint the tracker's current coordinates, it does know whether you're getting closer to or farther from your item as you search. **\$50; sticknfind.com** —EMILY PRICE @Emily

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VOICES

IN HER WORDS



VALERIE JARRETT

PRESIDENTIAL ADVISER, MOTHER, ONCE-TERRIFIED PUBLIC SPEAKER / INTERVIEW BY BETSY FISCHER MARTIN

FEAR OF CHANGE WILL PARALYZE YOU—IF YOU LET IT

“I was the first lawyer in my family, and my parents were understandably proud. But I was miserable. I summoned the courage to listen to that quiet voice inside me, when there were lots of louder voices who I would normally defer to, and join the city government in Chicago. If I had followed the conventional path, I would certainly not be here today.”

THE PRESIDENT TAUGHT ME TO FOCUS ON THE LONG HAUL

“He has really forced me to stop looking at the blogs, Twitter and everything else that evolves around that 24-hour news cycle—but at the same time, he has helped me be willing to take constructive criticism and feedback. Figuring out what is important to hear but not getting consumed by that cycle is the real challenge. He is better at it than I am.”

GET OUT OF YOUR COMFORT ZONE

“I used to be extraordinarily shy and terrified of public speaking. And I avoided it completely because I wasn’t good at it. When I was Chicago’s commissioner of planning and development, a big part of my role turned out to be public speaking, which I didn’t realize when I took the job. I still remember the first speech I had to give. I read it for a friend from a note card, and my hand was visibly trembling while I was talking. Now I can read through a speech and then go give it without having it in front of me.”

DON’T WAIT FOR SOMEBODY TO RECOGNIZE YOUR TALENT

“When I worked in a junior position at a law department, my mentor said, ‘You should go ask for a promotion.’ My thought was, When I deserved a promotion, my boss would recognize that. But she kept nudging me until I finally asked. Judging from my boss’s response, he was probably wondering when I was going to come to him, because he said, ‘OK, fine.’ I realized I probably could have asked for that promotion six months earlier. Women, as a general rule, wait until they are way overqualified before they advocate for themselves—if they ever do.”

MOTHERHOOD BRINGS BALANCE

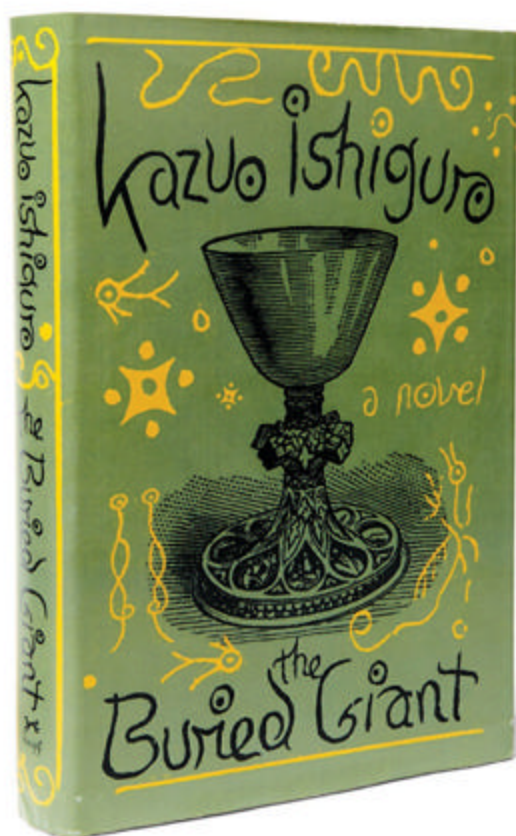
“Before I had my daughter, I spent every waking hour at work. There is nothing like having a child to remind you what is really important in life. I can remember, when she was young, just walking through the front door and seeing her standing there, and anything bad that had happened through the course of the day just evaporated.”

IF YOU WANT TO CHANGE THE WORLD...

“...be willing to put yourself at risk for getting your feelings hurt. A lot of good people are turned off by the nastiness of politics. And we need more people, particularly women. Just imagine what we would get done in Congress if it was comprised of a majority of women.”

VALERIE JARRETT, 58, IS A SENIOR ADVISER TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES AND OVERSEES THE OFFICES OF PUBLIC ENGAGEMENT AND INTERGOVERNMENTAL AFFAIRS IN THE OBAMA ADMINISTRATION. SHE ALSO CHAIRS THE WHITE HOUSE COUNCIL ON WOMEN AND GIRLS. @vj44

This interview has been edited and condensed.



↑
The Buried Giant
BY KAZUO ISHIGURO
Alfred A. Knopf

THE AGE OF LOVE AND SORROW

Times are hard. The economy is tanking, peace pacts are unraveling, religious fanatics are spreading terror, the young have shockingly short attention spans. Yep—it's fifth-century Britain. Perhaps not the setting you'd expect from the author of *The Remains of the Day*, the Booker Prize-winning examination of regret, repression, class and politics in England before and after the Second World War. Knights, she-dragons, ogres, savage pixies? Any skepticism is instantly banished by Ishiguro's elegant prose, the subtly propulsive plot, the flawed but deeply sweet elderly couple at the heart of the action and the complex questions the book raises: Is it better for people and nations to remember or forget? What's forgivable and what isn't? Is an atrocity justified if it's meant to pre-empt further atrocities?

Long-married Beatrice and Axl are unlikely explorers of these issues. Living in a warren of caves surrounded by bleak moors, they're plagued, as is the whole nation, by a mist that seems to fog everyone's memory. People can barely recapture yesterday, never mind the distant past. Struggling against forgetfulness, Beatrice and Axl vaguely recall a son far away and set off to find him. Along the way they meet Sir Gawain, who once served King Arthur; Wistan, a Saxon warrior who may know Axl from the unremembered long ago; and Edwin, a boy bitten by an ogre and cast out by villagers fearing infection. The three join Beatrice and Axl on a quest that becomes both more terrifying and more satisfying than the couple had imagined, leading them to the source of the mist, releasing veiled memories and revealing surprising truths about their son's fate and their personal and communal history. The haunting conclusion will engender much reflection on monsters modern and ancient, and whether love is powerful enough to slay them. —JUDITH STONE

BE AFRAID



Act of God
BY JILL CIMENT
Pantheon

CUE THE spooky music. Edith, a retired librarian, and her twin sister, Kat, a down-but-not-out hippie, discover a pulsing, bubbling, phosphorescent blob (call it The Mold That Ate Brooklyn) in their hall closet. Soon the two women find themselves out on the street, along with their theatrical landlady, Vida; a feral au pair named Ashley; and other refugees from the frightful fungoid. In this swiftly paced, niftily written comedy turned horror novel, even the most settled lives are upended, the tiniest character flaws come back to bite, and love and redemption arrive when you least expect them. —AMANDA LOVELL

AND NOW, THIS



What Comes Next and How to Like It
BY ABIGAIL THOMAS
Scribner

READING THIS bighearted little memoir, you might wish you were Abigail Thomas. Which would be odd, because she has not been lucky by traditional standards: Her book invokes her husband's brain injury and death as well as her daughter's cancer. Aging, longing, loss—it's all here. But Thomas, so frank and funny and unpretentious, is an optimist. Or maybe she's really a hedonist. The warm bodies of her dogs, a nice chicken roasting, enduring friendship, her expanded family—these are the loves of her life, and her gratitude and amazement abound. —CATHERINE NEWMAN



AM I CRAZY OR WHAT?



Why feeling—and acting—like a raving maniac may
not be such a bad thing after all

Anyone who has read psychiatrist Julie Holland's best-selling 2009 memoir, *Weekends at Bellevue*, knows she's funny, astute, unafraid of controversy and scornful of psychobabble. These virtues are on abundant display in *Moody Bitches: The Truth About the Drugs You're Taking, the Sleep You're Missing, the Sex You're Not Having, and What's Really Making You Crazy* (the Penguin Press). It's an owner's manual for the female body through all the decades of a woman's life, written with the frankness of a good self-help guru and the credibility of a scientist. Here, some of Holland's thoughts on antidepressants, which, she believes, are being taken unnecessarily by too many women. ("At this point," she writes, "everybody and their cat are on antidepressants.")

— Q: YOU SAY WE'RE OUT OF SYNC WITH OUR OWN BODIES. WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

JH: I thought *Moody Bitches* was a terrific title and couldn't believe no one else had claimed it, because it has real underpinnings in our culture. We live on a hormonal continuum, and the choices we make about medications in our twenties and thirties affect our entire lives. I'm concerned that as more and more women elevate their natural mood cycles with antidepressants, this creates a new normal. This is especially true in the workplace. If everyone around you

is stoic and rational and not being sensitive or emotional, you suddenly feel like some hysterical woman who's falling short, when in reality you're responding normally.

— Q: BUT ARE THERE REALLY ADVANTAGES TO MOODINESS?

JH: Absolutely. I'm talking about authenticity, about not being numb. It's natural for our moods to be cyclical. We're hairy, we have hormones, and we have moods. A lot of what we're doing right now—getting fake breasts, removing our pubic hair, being on the computer all the

time—is synthetic. Big pharmaceutical companies are marketing antidepressants primarily to women, and the advertising promotes a synthetic mood. But always being even tempered and happy is not natural. And there's a price for taking those drugs: You're less horny, it's more difficult to climax, you're not acknowledging what's going on. If you keep sweeping things under the rug, eventually you get a lumpy rug!

— Q: YOU MAKE IT CLEAR IN THE BOOK THAT YOU'RE NOT DEMONIZING ANTI-DEPRESSANTS, BUT WHAT'S THE RIGHT USE FOR THEM?

JH: It's not that I don't prescribe antidepressants; most of my patients are on them. But the goal is to implement healthy lifestyle changes—in your diet, your exercise routine, your sex life, your sleep—and potentially keep lowering the dose to the point where you can stop taking the drugs entirely. —ELAINA RICHARDSON

THRILLS, CHILLS, PILLS

BEYOND BROOKLYN

JUST KIDS FROM THE BRONX

BY ARLENE ALDA (HENRY HOLT)

"The Bronx? No Thonx!" wrote poet Ogden Nash in 1931. But in this enticing compilation of childhood reminiscences, New York's long-overlooked borough gets accolades—salty and sweet—from former denizens, including Jules Feiffer, Al Pacino and self-described "Bronx bagel" Maira Kalman.

DATING GAMES

MAN AT THE HELM BY NINA STIBBE

(LITTLE, BROWN) After Daddy runs off with "Phil from the factory," his enterprising young daughters scheme to get their volatile, pill-popping mother a new husband (they've got a little list). A welcome treat for fans of Stibbe's witty 2014 memoir, *Love, Nina*.

BINGE READING

LOVE AND OTHER WAYS OF DYING

BY MICHAEL PATERNITI (THE DIAL PRESS)

It's rare for an essay collection to be described as unputdownable, but this one is. Paterniti's verbal fireworks are thrilling, as are his insights on everything from the psychic undertow of a plane crash to the magnetic attraction of a morally suspect work of art.

SIGNIFICANT OTHERS

FOLLIES OF GOD BY JAMES

GRISSOM (KNOPF) Every literary wannabe should be as lucky

as Grissom, who in 1982 was deputized by his idol, Tennessee Williams, to elicit testimonials from those the tormented playwright held dear. The result: a memory book with revelations from, among others, Maureen Stapleton, Jessica Tandy and Julie Harris. But it is Williams himself, in conversation, who enchants the mind and ravages the heart. —CATHLEEN MEDWICK



Susan Lyne wants to give you \$100,000

The hitch? You just have to hand her an awesome idea that will rock the Internet **SHARON COTLIAR**

Susan Lyne, 64, is quick to admit she didn't plot her path to the top of corporate America. Instead, she dropped out of college twice (she never graduated), joined the antiwar and feminist movements and searched for ways to be part of the cultural conversation. "I never thought about the consequences of my choices," says Lyne, "just the opportunities."

And she found many opportunities, in a diversity of fields, working for everyone from Michael Eisner (at Disney) to Martha Stewart. Along the way, she became the editor of the much-praised but now-departed film magazine *Premiere*, put megahits like *Desperate Housewives* and *Grey's Anatomy* on the air while at ABC, kept Stewart's company afloat during the founder's incarceration and turned

the luxury-goods website Gilt into a guilty pleasure for women worldwide. "The best career decisions I've made have been when I trusted my instincts about women as customers," she says.

Now, as president of AOL's \$10 million BBG Ventures (the initials stand for Built by Girls), she's using her instincts to encourage the leadership of women. Specifically, Lyne is giving \$100,000 to \$200,000 in seed money to any female-run Internet start-up that she believes could be the next big thing.

Over lunch (a Zone bar, which she cheerfully offers to share) in her sleek Manhattan office, Lyne talks about changing the equation for women in technology—and how her own professional setbacks, including getting axed at ABC, eventually helped her soar.

What inspired you to start BBG Ventures?

Two streams got me here: At the Gilt Group [where Lyne is a board member], we've been hosting brainstorming breakfasts with female entrepreneurs since 2009. Those breakfasts have included women who were in the early days of starting their consumer-driven businesses, like Katia Beauchamp at Birchbox, Jennifer Fleiss and Jennifer Hyman at Rent the Runway and Alexa Hirschfeld at Paperless Post. I love talking with ambitious young women who are doing groundbreaking things. The other piece was when I invited five 17-year-old graduates from a program called Girls Who Code to work on AOL's struggling millennial news site, Cambio [at the time, Lyne was CEO of AOL's Brand Group]. I said to them, "It's yours: Redo the design and turn it into a site you'd want to read." They did

handwriting. I'm interested in mobile services and applications that make our lives simpler and more delightful.

Technology is still a male-dominated field. What holds some women back from it?

Only 7 percent of venture funding goes to women-led start-ups. Women tend to underpromise. They don't go into [pitch] meetings saying, "This is going to be the next \$10 billion company!" and that impacts their ability to get funding.

You're the mother of two adult daughters [one is a lawyer, the other a teacher]. What's your advice for the next generation of moms and their girls?

Learning to code is far more valuable than learning to speak French. Coding is a universal language. It allows you to work wher-

different happened, and that's a big weight to carry around. After 48 hours of being incredibly angry and sad about getting fired, I let it go. And then I took the summer off—which I hadn't done since high school—to think about what I wanted to do next.

Your next move was to work for Martha Stewart. What was that like? Did you mind being called her *doppelgänger*? [They physically resemble each other.]

I didn't mind. She was such a great-looking woman, I always thought it was nice. But I did change my haircut so it wasn't such a knockoff of hers. I took the job when Martha was going off to prison. While the world was writing her off, I believed women were quietly rooting for her comeback. I learned from that experience that you can overcome almost any disaster in business if you are willing to re-examine *everything*. Martha was a really, really good lesson in not giving up.

You've taken a nontraditional route to the top. How did your choices help or hurt you?

[My path] was indicative of my personality: I had a certain impatience to be out in the world, not in a classroom. Being part of the antiwar movement and the early feminist movement made

me aware that there were big, big things happening. It's not bad for a 20-year-old woman to believe she can have a major impact.

So is it more important to follow your passion than a paycheck?

At certain points in my life, I took jobs because they were going to pay me twice as much as my previous job did. I can't say those were my happiest work experiences. There are times—whether you've got children going off to college or your partner wants to do something different with his or her life and you become the primary breadwinner—that you suck it up and do work you're not as passionate about. But as you look over your entire career, you want to think, Is this adding up to something I feel good about? Am I learning? If you don't feel really gratified at the end of the workday, why go in? ☺

SHARON COTLIAR interviewed Piper Kerman for the February issue of *More*. @SharonCotliar

“**Women tend to** underpromise. They don't go into meetings saying, 'This is going to be the next \$10 billion company!' and that impacts their **ability to get funding.**”

such an amazing job, including building a platform so girls everywhere could contribute content, that we relaunched it as Cambio for Built by Girls. Those experiences ignited the idea for BBG Ventures.

One of BBG's first investments was in the successful 2014 start-up Glamsquad. What did you like about it?

The hair industry is a \$40 billion market that, outside of Drybar, hasn't changed much since my mother's day. Glamsquad is an app-based service that sends hairstylists and makeup artists to your home or office for an affordable price (think Uber for beauty). Everyone I talked to about it said, "Oh my God, I definitely need that!"

What else are you investing in?

Guildery, an e-commerce start-up that uses digital printing technology to offer limitless fabric options, and Gracious Eloise, which automatically produces notes in your own

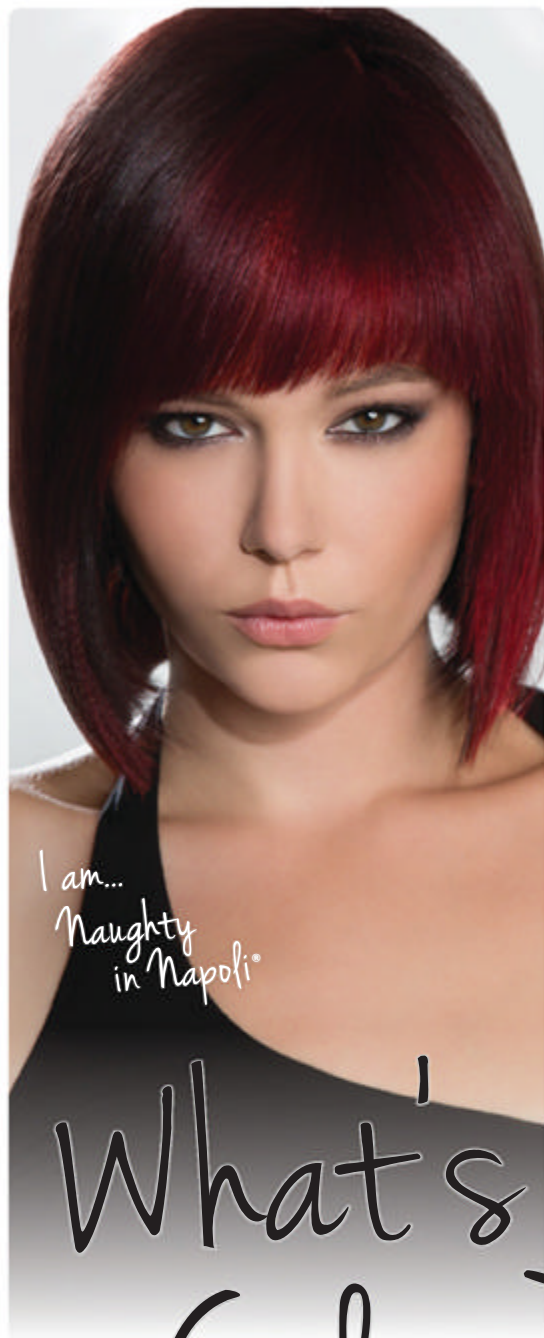
ever you want. I would have been all over my kids to be more tech savvy if I had known this when they were little.

Sheryl Sandberg urges women to "lean in" to their careers, while Arianna Huffington says we need to take time out each day to recharge and "thrive." Which philosophy do you subscribe to?

Both, though I fully agree with Arianna's recharge theory. When my children were young, I would go to a coffee shop before heading home so I could reflect on what happened at work. Every day I found 30 minutes to be alone. I still do that—even if it means just walking around the block a few times.

In 2004 you were publicly fired from ABC Entertainment after green-lighting some of the network's biggest hits. What did that experience teach you?

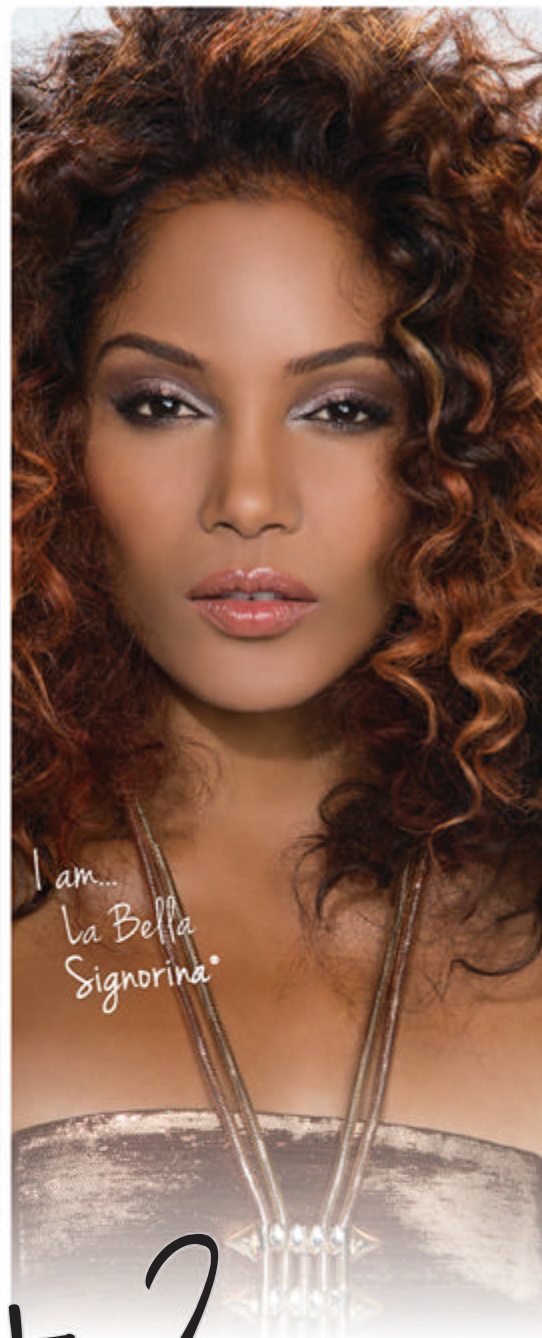
That it's much better for a firing to be public. If it's not, then you try to pretend something



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Founder of OPI
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FROM THE FOUNDER OF O·P·I

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The long road to finding your passion

Her degrees were impressive, her jobs enviable. But **Catalina Giral**d wasn't happy until she took some chances—and listened to her heart **BY JUDITH STONE**

CATALINA GIRALD

FROM: Mergers-and-acquisitions attorney



TO: Lingerie-company founder, CEO and designer

She's worked as a lawyer and an investment banker; she's milked goats with Mongolian nomads. But nothing has made Catalina Girald happier than designing and selling bras and panties that she hopes will change the world. "I probably should have been doing this all along," she says.

A former attorney at the international law firm Skadden, Arps, Slate, Meagher & Flom, Girald now runs San Francisco-based Naja lingerie (naja.co), an online purveyor of quirkily gorgeous yet affordable underthings.

Girald was four when she came to the U.S. from Medellín, Colombia, with her father, a neurologist, and her mother, a psychologist.

After graduating from Texas A&M, she went to law school and "hated it from day one," she recalls. The only bright spot was a professor who rekindled her childhood interest in business. "When I was five, I sold cupcakes door-to-door and paid my mom a commission for baking," Girald says. "In second grade, I started a tree house club and charged my girlfriends weekly dues." She wanted to quit law school and get an MBA but stuck it out to please her parents, then landed the job at Skadden in New York.

Despite a killer workload, she took classes at the Fashion Institute of Technology, where she learned how clothes are manufactured

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and how to sketch designs. “I was interested in fashion,” Girald says, “but even more interested in starting a business.”

Four years later she headed to Stanford University for an MBA, and in 2006 launched a fashion website showcasing independent designers. But Girald and her chief investor had dramatic disagreements. So, miserable, she sold back her shares and took off on a short head-clearing trip that ended up lasting 18 months. She spent a chilly summer in Mongolia, lived with Hmong weavers in Vietnam and climbed in Nepal. “When I left Silicon Valley, I was disappointed in people,” she says. “That trip reminded me that people are good!”

She took a job as an investment banker in Bogotá. “But then I got the start-up itch again and began thinking about lingerie,” she says. Girald was annoyed by Victoria’s Secret, which owns half the U.S. lingerie market: “Their message is all about pleasing a man, not about pleasing yourself.” Maybe, she thought, other women felt the same.

She created a private Facebook focus group of about 220 women and spent six months gathering feedback on lingerie. The group’s complaints: panties cut for the booty-free; elastic that digs; garments that are too flimsy, too pricey, too va-va-voom. That, she says, is how she chose her niche: “college-educated women earning over \$70,000 a year who want to associate themselves with a brand different from Victoria’s Secret.” Girald also decided she needed to do quick-turnaround, small-batch manufacturing so she could take design risks but avoid a huge unsold inventory. “What I needed was concept to store in four months,” she says.

Girald raised \$100,000 through a friends-and-family investment round, then made the money go a long way. She serves as head designer as well as CEO but takes no salary (she lives on savings). Naja’s five U.S. employees work out of Girald’s San Francisco apartment, which also doubles as the warehouse and distribution center.

After touring mills for high-quality, sustainable fabrics (she found rich-feeling nylon made from recycled fishing nets), she hired a large factory in Medellín to produce the undies. The factory got backed up on orders, but customers were wowed: She sold out her premier line of eight collections, all of them subtly sensual but not overtly bombshell. Panties range from \$12 to \$28; bras are \$38 to \$68. In December she added ’60s retro swimsuits.

In 2014, fed up with the factory’s failure to meet deadlines and quality requirements, Girald built her own small facility in Medellín, with her aunt as the acting general manager. “My biggest mistake was not having my own factory from the very beginning,” she says.

So far she’s spent only \$5,000 on advertising. “When we polled our customers, 58 percent said they’d heard about us through Facebook and word of mouth,” she says. “That’s what is working for us.”

Looking ahead, Girald projects revenues of \$4 million in 2015. She has also attracted a stellar board of advisers, including Alison Valentinsen, senior director of finance for Spanx, and Hap Klopp, former CEO of North Face.

Girald, who gives her age only as over 35 (“I don’t tell anyone. I’m Latin! I don’t think anyone really cares, in the end”), isn’t sorry she took the scenic route to success. And she’s committed to the company’s social mission, a program she calls Underwear for Hope. “It has two components,” Girald explains. “Our 13 factory employees are all single mothers or women who head households; they work flexible hours and earn above-market wages. And Naja supports a nonprofit that teaches impoverished mothers how to sew, then pays them to produce lingerie wash bags at home. These are given as a gift to every Naja purchaser.

“The part of my job that’s the most fun is designing,” she says. “But the most rewarding part is being able to see that I’m changing somebody’s life.”

“The part of my job that’s the most fun is designing,” she says. “But the most rewarding part is being able to see that I’m changing somebody’s life.”



SUBTLE SEXINESS is Girald’s hallmark, as in this collection, called Secret Life of Sparrows.

HER START-UP’S MOST VALUABLE LESSONS

I WISH I’D KNOWN...

“... when I started my first company that you shouldn’t take on investors you don’t like as people, no matter how much money they’re offering you.”

THE THREE BIGGEST OBSTACLES

“Getting financing, getting production right and getting in your own way. The only way that a company doing something crazy-different is going to work is if you’re constantly hopeful; you can’t ever get negative.”



NOT EASY TO BE EMPOWERING



Every pair of Naja undies has an inspiring quotation printed on the cotton gusset [the crotch]. My favorite is ‘He offered her the world; she said she had her own.’ Our very first panty said ‘Not Bossy, Boss,’ a tribute to the Lean In movement. But we got a cease and desist letter from Sheryl Sandberg’s foundation!”

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The incredible lightness of sisterhood

Being a true pal means knowing how to make the other person laugh—especially when life isn't funny **BY MARCIA MENTER**

Late September, 2013. An email from Juliette: “I need to add to your ridiculously busy schedule by bringing you up to date on my doings. Easiest would be a telephone call at your convenience. I am relieved to report that we are finally getting this show on the road.” I email back: “I can stop by this afternoon. Expect me 3-ish.”

Juliette is 96, old enough to be my mother but so not my mother. She’s the friend I tell the whole truth to, because truth telling is our mutual delight and we feel absolutely safe with each other. For 30 years and more we’ve been so close we speak in shorthand, two Gemini minds leaping madly between topics—highbrow and lowbrow, sacred and profane—without stopping to explain. So I know exactly what she means by “getting this show on the road,” and it’s not something to discuss over the phone. Besides, her hearing aid is on the fritz, and I don’t want to yell.

I arrive at her apartment to find her sitting at one end of the couch, her body so bent and twisted that she’s literally beside herself, top half next to bottom half. Juliette’s mind is sharp, but orthopedically she’s a mess. She needs a walker to totter between the couch, the bathroom, the computer and the recliner she sleeps in. When I come for lunch (takeout these days), I have to set the table—she can’t reach into the cupboard for dishes—and wash up afterward. We can no longer go to theaters or concerts or museums or restaurants, let alone travel to France together as we once (twice) did. This is a woman who was tall, fit and vigorous well into her eighties, when arthritis began to slow her down. Even then, being a New Yorker, she walked everywhere she could.

Now she needs 24-hour care. She wants no care at all. She has an aide, Jennifer, who’s paid to be there eight hours on weekdays but invariably gets sent home after four. As a former top executive of a *Fortune* 500 corporation—one of the few women of her time to attain such a position without a family connection—Juliette is simply not interested in an existence where she can’t brush her own teeth. »

She has been telling me for years, in her assertive hoot of a voice, that she wants to end her life. I once pointed out that she was saying this with a glass of excellent Champagne in her hand. She laughed, but she was dead serious. “I’ve had a marvelous life,” she said, “and it’s over.”

Arguably she’s depressed. I can hardly blame her. A few months ago, she fell during the night on her way from the bathroom. Of course, she wasn’t wearing her Lifeline pendant, which she loathes. So she lay on the floor until Jennifer’s arrival the next morning. Amazingly, she

years, she’s kept me in the loop as she put her affairs in order: the revising of the will. The emptying of the closets. The destruction of thousands of letters nobody needs to see. I confess I never thought she’d actually stop eating. She’s been hoping for the good death, the TV death, where you konk out swiftly and unmessily. But even at 96, she’s simply too *healthy* for that. So, well, here we go.

Juliette is still an excellent manager. She convinces the hospice doctor that this is what she wants; the hospice doctor gets the primary care doctor to certify that her prognosis is lim-

up and about, answering calls and emails and running a kind of last-chance salon. “Can you *believe* this?” she asks me. “Yeah,” I say, “you’ll never walk alone.” She laughs: “And you know the thing I’ve wanted *most* is to walk alone.”

visit every day, usually not for long. She professes to feel neither hunger nor thirst, though her mouth becomes terribly dry. Jennifer gives her water, which she swishes around in her mouth and spits into a basin, like a wine taster. She’s completely lucid the whole time and in better spirits than I’ve seen her for years. We have some marvelous talks. And no, I do *not* recommend taking this way out. Waiting for your body’s perfectly healthy systems to break down as you become weaker and weaker: This takes a determination and strength of purpose few people possess. Juliette does it so elegantly, I can only attempt to play my part with equal aplomb. For her sake and everyone else’s,

I need to be as strong as she.

But I’m not. I realize I’m losing it when I try to off my cat.

Nellie, a black tabby with gold eyes, is 20, roughly Juliette’s age in cat years. She, too, is on her way out. Her kidneys are shot. The fur on her belly is falling out, and she needs daily injections of fluids. She lives on a towel at the foot of my bed but still has an appetite and gets to the litter box by herself. Nevertheless, I decide it’s time to ease her passage. I summon the house call vet, who takes one look at Nellie—as she eats, washes her face and hops on and off the bed—and says, “This is not a dying cat. Maybe soon, but certainly not now.”

I email Juliette that Nellie is still with us. She writes back, “Just remember there is a point involving pain when you owe her.” Juliette has made it quite clear to her doctors that she wishes they could do for her what I can do for my cat.

It takes Juliette 13 days to die; she can’t *believe* how long it takes. She was trained as a chemist and has a scientist’s interest in observing the process—“running the experiment,” as she calls it. But mostly she wants to be gone. A few days before the end, she gets into the hospital bed. She becomes restless and uncomfortable. The hospice nurse tells me she needs

CONTINUED ON PAGE 130

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didn’t break any bones and was little the worse for it. But I think the fall decided her. She’s seen too many of her friends go down this path: the first fall, the second fall, the stroke, the dementia, the medical interventions, the drawn-out death. She wants none of it.

Now she tells me her plan: to persuade her doctor to agree to put her into hospice care and, once that’s in place, to stop eating and drinking. Her care manager, Irene, has told her this is the way many elderly people choose to end their lives. It’s legal—suicide, but in no way “assisted”—and the hospice doctor prescribes palliative medications. Irene claims the process takes about five days, which will turn out not to be the case. “We’re meeting with the hospice doctors next Tuesday,” Juliette says brightly, “and then they’ll meet with my primary care doctor, and if all goes well, I’ll stop eating on October 7.” Do I try to talk her out of it? Of course not. It’s quite clear this is what she wants, and she’s almost cheerful at the prospect of taking control of the end of her life.

I begin mentally clearing my calendar. I’m her health care proxy and executor, so I have a big job ahead of me. (Juliette has outlived almost all her contemporaries, and her few remaining relatives are not nearby.) Over the

ited to months rather than years; a hospital bed is delivered; Jennifer and another aide are hired to be there for the duration; and Juliette has her last meal on October 6. I bring lunch—smoked salmon and lobster sandwiches—and she, as always, provides the Champagne. Not that she’s terribly interested in food or drink. She’s focused on the task ahead.

Juliette is loved by many, but she actually thinks she can slip away without anyone noticing. “If people hear that a 96-year-old woman has died in her sleep, they’re not going to question it,” she says firmly. I roll my eyes. “Juliette,” I say, “there are people you *have* to tell, people who will be terribly hurt if you don’t—John, and Gunnar and Ching, and the nieces...” She sees the logic of this. So a couple of days into her fast, she begins calling and emailing her friends and family. In the most matter-of-fact tone imaginable, she tells them she’s gone into hospice and stopped eating and drinking. She thanks them for their friendship. And with my permission, she lets them know they can contact me, which they *all* do. I become, for want of a better term, her press secretary. I guess I don’t mind. It’s a useful distraction.

No one is shocked; no one tries to discourage her. They’ve watched her physical decline. Quite a few people ask to visit, if only for a few minutes. For well over a week she’s still

—|—

Madam Téa's Second Act

—|—

Téa Leoni
*is back, with a new
hit TV show
(Madam Secretary),
a new marital status
(divorced—and
liking it, thank you)
and a new life
mantra (“Pain is where
you grow”)*

—|—

BY
Allison Glock

—|—

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
Rene & Radka

—|—

STYLED BY
Emily Barnes





Téa Leoni

is shvitzing under the lights.

SHE IS SEVERAL takes into a complicated scene on the Brooklyn set of *Madam Secretary*, the hit CBS series she produces and anchors, and she's perspiring so much, her eyebrows are starting to swim.

"It's hot, right?" she says to no one in particular, fanning her cheeks with her hands. "I can feel the sweat dripping on my face." Instead of waiting for a makeup artist's touch-up, Leoni, 49, apologizes for her dampness, then balletically pulls a lean leg to her brow and pats her forehead with the cuff of her tailored dress pants. A handful of crew members break into laughter. Leoni mugs, does a goofy little hip waggle, drops her leg and falls right back into the scene, delivering her lines with captivating political gravitas.

A few minutes later, Leoni is in her dressing room. Pilates equipment rests in one corner ("It's basically a coffee table—I think I've used it once"), along with potted plants, an inviting gold velvet couch with cozy blankets and a full-length mirror propped against the wall, with a floral cotton bra tossed over the upper left corner. Overripe bananas brown on the makeup table where Leoni is getting her face properly repowdered, something she clearly doesn't relish.

A tomboy and sports lover from an early age (on a perfect day, she is waist deep in a cold river, fly fishing, barefaced and alone), Leoni loathes vanity, embracing every opportunity to puncture the myth of female perfection by belching loudly into her microphone or shamelessly admitting when she's passed gas into her Burberry trench coat. "*Flying Blind* was the first time I'd ever heard the words *it girl*," she says, remembering her well-reviewed though short-lived 1992 sitcom. "They built me some amazing bustiers for that show. I looked like a D cup." She recalls being 17 and gazing into a mirror with her best friend when the friend's mother

walked by and proclaimed, "Girls, today is as good as it is ever going to get." Leoni chuckles. "I didn't understand back then, but I appreciate her comment now."

As the set stylist curls her wig—"anything to reduce my time in the makeup chair"—Leoni tells a story about Brett Ratner, her director on *The Family Man*, the 2000 film in which Leoni's considerable organic warmth managed to humanize professional eccentric Nicolas Cage. "Ratner—whom I really like, by the way—was going around telling people that despite my age, I was 'still doable,'" she says. "I think I was 34 then. And he was something like 28."

What upset Leoni was not the reductive misogyny of the comment—something every actress (OK, woman) develops an immunity to—but her own reaction to the assessment. "I asked myself, Do I still care about that? And at that time, I did. I felt that pressure to be 'doable.' It was the meanest thought I'd had for myself in a long time."

The more she contemplated the angles, and the futility, the more she realized she needed to let that instinct go. "Thankfully, I've moved past all that. Chasing youth is a war I'm not going to win," Leoni says, playfully narrowing her striking blue eyes. "It's not like I'm thrilled to turn around and catch my can in the mirror, but I can see now how much of my happiness could be a victim of trying to stay young and desirable. And it feels like peace and victory to be relieved of that burden."

Leoni is, of course, still an arresting beauty (and doable). She looks much as she did as a younger woman, unaltered except for a trail of thin wrinkles etched across her forehead and the rogue hairs she happily discusses. Her lived-in attractiveness is the very thing that makes her so convincing as secretary of state. Much like Leoni, Elizabeth McCord, the character she

PREVIOUS PAGE:
DONNA KARAN NEW YORK silk blend tunic; **DONNA KARAN .COM. MARLI** 18k gold, diamond and white-agate ring; **MARLIN NYC .COM.** OPPOSITE AND PAGE 78: **MARIA LUCIA HOHAN** silk gown; **MARIA LUCIA HOHAN .COM. JEWELRY:** Stylist's own bracelet. **ROBERTO COIN** 18k gold bangle; **NEIMAN MARCUS.** Leoni's own bracelet. **JADE TRAU** 18k gold stacking bands with black diamonds, sold individually; **JADE TRAU.COM. ROBERTO COIN** 18k gold ring; 212-486-4545.





plays on *Madam Secretary*, is a woman whose priorities extend beyond the mirror. Who focuses outward, on others. Who laughs at herself hourly. A woman we can unreservedly aspire to be.

Leoni was born to Emily Patterson, a charismatic Texan, and Anthony Pantaleoni, a corporate lawyer, in New York City, where she was raised. Though the family was financially secure, hers was not an extravagant upbringing. Her parents frowned on softness and frivolity. “My dad refused to get adjustable seats in his car when they came out,” says Leoni. “He couldn’t see the point. Money was only there in case the bottom fell out.”

Or so that it could be given away to those in need. Leoni’s paternal grandmother, Helenka, cofounded—and for 25 years served as the president of—the U.S. Fund for UNICEF, an organization Leoni herself has been deeply involved with for decades. “My grandmother used to threaten to sue the *Social Register* because she wanted to get us out of it,” Leoni recalls.

While elite status meant nothing to the family, hard work and risk taking did, the latter vigorously embraced by Leoni when she be-

came a teen. She left the storied Brearley School, a rigid place ill equipped to handle her brand of freethinking intellect (“I would ‘forget’ to write my stories down; I would just perform them instead”) to attend Putney, a progressive boarding school in rural Vermont where even the most privileged students are expected to muck manure at 5:45 AM in the anesthetizing cold of January. Leoni fell in love. “Putney saved me,” she says. “The biggest thing I gained from being there was the truth that you are on the planet with other humans. I never forgot that what I did affected other people.”

Actor Tim Daly, who plays Leoni’s husband on the show, witnessed her consideration and startling lack of pretension on day one of filming. “In the pilot, we had a scene at a dinner table, which is a pain in the ass,” he says. “During cuts, everything needs to be reset—the napkins, the food. Actors will usually just sit there helplessly and allow the prop people to do the work. I looked over, and there was Téa, placing forks. And I thought, This girl is cool.”

“Téa works harder than any human I’ve ever known,” attests Eric Stoltz, veteran actor and a director on *Madam Secretary*. “She shames the rest of us into better behavior. It’s a tad annoying.”

Stoltz remembers when, a few weeks earlier, Leoni arrived at work woozy and sounding “like Johnny Cash.” She had been diagnosed with acute bronchitis. “I was stunned she didn’t go home and curl up in

bed, but here she was, first on the set, ready to pretend.”

Leoni says she knew playing pretend was the career for her as early as second grade, when, as one of the Wise Men in the school Christmas play, she misplaced her designated prop and improvised with her teddy bear instead. “I brought down the house,” she says. “I had them laughing, I had them crying, and I have never forgotten that.”

When Leoni dropped out of Sarah Lawrence College, where she was studying anthropology, and moved to Los Angeles in the late ’80s, she was initially told she was too edgy, too strong, too New York. “I had one long thread of shitty advice throughout my career, which was, ‘You have to do this in order to do that.’ So I did some projects that were lacking. I was ‘the chick of the flick.’”

Complicating matters, Hollywood wasn’t sure what to do with a comic actress you also wanted to take to bed. But directors like David O. Russell and Woody Allen recognized a treasure when they saw one, and her indelible, complicated performances in their films (1996’s *Flirting with Disaster* and 2002’s *Hollywood Ending*, respectively) established Leoni as a contemporary Carole Lombard.

Around the same time, Leoni was starting a family with her then husband, actor David Duchovny. (The pair divorced in 2014, after 17 years of marriage.) After the birth of her first child, Madelaine West (now 15; they also have a son, Kyd Miller, 12), Leoni found herself saddled with a new industry nickname: Pass-a-dena. “For every project I do, there are a lot I don’t,” she explains. “People have asked if I’m lazy. In a way it’s flattering. But the truth is, if you’re going to pull me away from my children, I need to have some connection to the work.”

Improbable as it seems, she connected with *Jurassic Park III*. “I nearly lost my daughter when she was nine months old,” Leoni says. “We were in the hospital for 10 days. They said she had double pneumonia. I was watching her drown, her lungs were so filled with fluid.” Leoni was told the chances for Madelaine’s survival were slim, so she kept vigil at the baby’s side, whispering for hours into her ear, telling her everything she could think of about life and how beautiful it could be and how she would need to fight. “I talked until my voice gave out.”

Mercifully, Madelaine slowly began what would become a long recovery. After that, Leoni couldn’t relate to anything, she says. Acting felt trivial, cheap. And then Steven Spielberg sent her a script about a woman who had lost her child on an island full of dinosaurs. “And laugh if you want, but that is exactly how I felt in the hospital,” says Leoni. More important, “the movie had a happy ending. I felt maybe if I took the part, it could be like casting a spell.”

Leoni smiles wanly. “People tell me I’ve never really made it. They say, ‘You don’t have an Oscar.’” She sharpens her gaze. “There’s not an accolade in Hollywood that could replace time with my kids. At this stage of my life, it’s not about contentment. Or appealing to 20-year-olds. Or awards. It’s about finding something more. As I tell my daughter, ‘Hear your voice first.’”

IT’S THE LAST day of the week’s shoot, and thanks to a vicious winter storm, the *Madam Secretary* set is taking on water. Sleet seeps from the window seams. Pieces of the ceiling are dropping in chunks like soggy space trash. Leoni gamely sloshes through the wet

MORE words with Téa Leoni



**If you could
start over, what would you do
MORE of?**

*Singing. A lot. It kills me
that I’m not in a band, playing music
all over the world and doing
duets onstage with people who would
be so much better than me.*



**What do you appreciate
MORE as you age?**

*How much pain I caused
my parents. I’m sorry I scared the
bejesus out of you with all my
big ideas: To float out
the second-story window with an
umbrella like Mary
Poppins into a pile of leaves
below when I was five. To ride
my bike off the big rocks into the
ocean on a dare when
I was eight. To sneak out and see
Rocky Horror at midnight
when I was 13. To drop out of
college. To try chewing tobacco.
To be an actor.*



**I wish I had
MORE time for . . .**

Travel.



**The world can use a
little MORE . . .**

*People who
understand that the left lane is for
passing only.*



**What’s MORE terrifying
than failure?**

*Finding out that I waited
until I was 100 to try anything.*

hall in a Derek Lam shift dress, camera ready save for her fuzzy gray Uggs. She notices water in a costar’s dressing room. “Can we get a fan on this?” she asks a crew member. As she examines the damage, she squats and reaches out to straighten a filthy buckled rug so no one will trip.

On set, Stoltz directs her: “You’re sick of these stupid men.”

“I am,” she deadpans. “I want my own penis.”

Fourteen hours later, over dinner at a favorite vegan restaurant, a weary Leoni reflects on her latest role—and why, after turning down other parts in favor of family, she jumped at this one. “I felt my kids were ready for me to take on a potentially multi-year project,” she says. “Shooting in New York, working with Morgan Freeman [the show’s cocreator] and getting a paycheck sealed the rest.” She was also named one of the show’s producers, which meant she could have real input.

“Above everything, I want my character to be nonjudgmental,” she says. “People assume that inspiration comes from Hillary Clinton or Madeleine Albright. It doesn’t. It comes from my dad. I’ve never once in my life heard him engage in gossip. He would have made a great secretary of state.”

Leoni aspires to the same generosity in her off-camera life, and while she succeeds in not criticizing others, like most women she struggles a bit when it comes to not criticizing herself. “Fear is terrible,” she says. “I’m no different than anyone else. I don’t want people to judge me and find me wanting. I spent some time in my marriage being fearful of how it would go, or end, or not end, and I think, with the kids, some fear as a new mother. I didn’t know what I was doing. I remember packing the freaking diaper bag. I would get obsessed. *If there is an earthquake, can we survive for two weeks on the contents?*” **CONTINUED ON PAGE 131**

HAIR: THANOS SAMARAS AT THE WALL GROUP FOR THE MARIE ROBINSON SALON; MAKEUP: MISHA SHAHZADA USING CHANEL COCO ROUGE SHINE FOR SEE MANAGEMENT; MANICURE: ROSEANN SINGLETON AT ART DEPARTMENT USING CHANEL LE VERNIS IN SECRET AND MICA ROSE; PROP STYLING: CHELSEA MARUSKIN AT ART DEPARTMENT; PRODUCTION: NATHALIE AKIYA AT KRANKY PRODUCTIONS

A person with dark skin is standing, holding a green pot with both hands. The pot contains a tall, leafy green plant that completely obscures their face. They are wearing a light blue dress with a repeating pattern of pink flowers and black leaves. The background is plain white.

BEST

SPRING

FASHION

(FOR EVERY AGE)



PHOTOGRAPHED
BY PAUL JUNG /
STYLED BY
JONNY LICHTENSTEIN

WHAT

TO WEAR AND WHAT
TO SKIP? GLAD
YOU ASKED. LIVELY
KNITS, ASIAN ACCENTS,
A FRESH COLOR
PALETTE—THERE'S A
LOT TO CHOOSE
FROM. WE ZERO IN ON
WHAT'S BEST
FOR YOUR 30S, 40S,
50S AND 60S



**POLAR
OPPOSITES**

The pairing of the same print—one piece in the positive and one in the negative—is a new take on pattern play. It's an option you'll see in a rainbow of hues (for when you're in your kaleidoscope-loving thirties and forties) and also in black and white (fifties and sixties, please take note).

MAX MARA silk blouse, silk and cotton skirt, cotton printed boots; 312-475-9500.

**BOLD
BLOOMS**

PAGES 80 AND 81: These are not the dainty petals of your wardrobes past but bold, graphic blossoms, best (and dressiest) in fabrics with oomph (cotton or silk broadcloth). We went bananas for this statement-making coat, which works as a stylish topper for all ages.

MOTHER OF PEARL cotton blend coat; MOTHEROFPEARL.CO.UK.

**THE NEW
PANTSUIT**

A modern interpretation: Forgo the jacket and instead wear a coordinated top and bottom. This version, with bare back, brings high drama, and if you're in your thirties and working in a funky office, go for it. Want to mix it up? Layer a crisp white cotton shirt underneath. Trend alert: This shade of burgundy, called Marsala, has been anointed the color of 2015 by Pantone; it's flattering on all skin tones.

VICTORIA BECKHAM crepe top and trousers; **BERGDORF GOODMAN**. **GEMMA REDUX** 18k gold-plated cuff; **GEMMAREDEX.COM**.

**EYE
SPY**

Inspired by the look on the Dior runway, a pop of icy blue brightens lids for fresh, unforgettable style.

DIOR Pastel Eyes Multi-Wear Adhesive Eyeliner, \$61; **DIOR.COM**.



FUNCTIONAL CHIC

Boxy shapes, exaggerated and unadorned, are hallmarks of this style, a new aesthetic on the fashion frontier. The trend is all about the basics (hence button-downs and Bermuda shorts); the colors include neutrals and muted dark hues. Be sure to accent your waist so the look doesn't overwhelm your frame. In your thirties, wear the look head to toe; in your forties, add a piece or two to your weekend; in your fifties, try it at work; in your sixties, it's a chic travel look.

JIL SANDER cotton shirt, sweater and shorts, calfskin belt; 212-838-6100.



ASIA RISING

Mandarin collars, Chinese characters and obi-like belts punctuated the runway this season.

For ageless souls with a wild streak, this dress does it all, but for a more subdued take on the trend, choose solid shades and let the details (collar, belt) speak. Not interested in the torture of a heel? Swap yours out for an airy flat.

DONNA KARAN NEW YORK embroidered cotton dress, PVC belt, leather and PVC mules; DONNAKARAN.COM.



KNIT

DRESSING

This is how you enjoy the ease of knits while still looking polished. The layering here—long tunic top over long skirt—feels new, offers an unexpected play on proportion and hides anything from a little extra baby weight to a burgeoning midlife middle. The mismatch of pattern and texture amps up the whimsy; if you want to dial that down, a monochromatic scheme (with or without texture) will do the trick.

THAKOON cotton top, linen blend raffia skirt, leather and wood sandals; MODAOPERANDI.COM.

PHYNE BY PAIGE NOVICK 14k gold ear jacket with pearl and white diamonds; REINHOLDJEWELERS.COM.

NAVY IS
THE NEW BLACK

High tech is the new fabric. And midcalf is the new length. This coat is seriously glamorous (adieu, little black dress), but the look is also fresh in suiting (navy in lieu of boardroom gray) or as stripes (on the soccer-field sidelines).

CALVIN KLEIN *metallic-weave coat with belt, lizard platforms; 212-292-9000.*





**GINGHAM
STYLE**

Consider this the evolution of your childhood check. You'll see it done in blinding brights (thirties), but we think it's more grownup in black and white or, for a subtle take, taupe and white. Heed our advice to never wear it head to toe: A bottom paired with a solid top—or better yet, with a kinky stripe—will keep this from looking like a costume.

MICHAEL KORS cotton pullover, crushed-taffeta skirt, leather belt; 866-709-5677.

WHITE ON WHITE

Peel off those layers of black and brown and lighten up already. Everything here appeals: the fitted, tucked and knotted top; the wide cropped pants (yang to the top's trim yin); the chunky gladiator sandal. Works at any age, but if you're still juggling sippy cups and strollers, you won't want to contend with the dry-cleaning bills.

SPORTMAX sleeveless top, cropped pants, leather wedges; 212-674-1817. ☺

HAIR: CHARLIE TAYLOR USING RENE FURTERER AT HONEY ARTISTS; MAKEUP: CHICHI SAITO USING CHANEL ROUGE COCO AT ART DEPARTMENT; MANICURE: MICHELLE MATTHEWS USING CHANEL LE VERNIS/RONA REPRESENTS; SET DESIGN: CHARLIE WELCH AT JED ROOT INC.; MODEL: NYKHOR PAUL AT RED MODEL MANAGEMENT



INDIA HICKS

PURPOSE MEETS PASSION

A CHILDHOOD SMOTHERED IN PRIVILEGE
MAY HAVE PUT HICKS IN PRINCESS DIANA'S WEDDING PARTY,
BUT IT DIDN'T PREPARE HER TO FIND HER MISSION IN LIFE.
DECADES OF SOUL SEARCHING LANDED HER
IN A REMOTE ISLAND PARADISE WHERE SHE MADE A HOME—
AND IS NOW BUILDING A BUSINESS—THAT SUITS HER
UNCONVENTIONAL LIFESTYLE

BY **JULIA REED**

PHOTOGRAPHED BY **MARTYN THOMPSON**





I'm sitting in the passenger seat of a Polaris (an open-air jeep-cum-golf cart), careering down the narrow, curvy roads of Harbour Island, the tiny, three-and-a-half-mile-long speck in the Bahamas that for the past 19 years has been home to India Hicks, the style icon, author and former model and reality-TV host (of Bravo's *Top Design*). Hicks is behind the wheel, braking (a bit) for

chickens, calling out to passersby by name and somehow managing also to keep a tight hold on Banger, her beloved miniature dachshund who, thanks to a recent encounter with a far less agile driver, gamely makes do with three and a half legs. Our destination is Dunmore Academy, a small community school (and since it's the only private school on the island, a multicultural, multiracial and multi-grade-level institution) attended at various times by four of Hicks's children, including, currently, Domino, seven, her youngest and the only girl.

Dunmore is experiencing one of its occasional financial hiccups, and a group of parents and concerned citizens has gathered around a low school table to discuss a December fund raiser, a four-course roving dinner party that was Hicks's brainchild. Before the meeting is over, she has—typically, it turns out—agreed to take on the most demanding course, a seated dinner for 40 at Hibiscus Hill, the house she shares with her partner, David Flint Wood. After the event, she'll post photos on her blog of two stunningly beautiful long tables decorated with Christmas greens, masses of sand dollars and shells, and a small army of candles in glass votives, along with a report of lots of money raised. That would be impressive enough, but she's also in the midst of launching a brand-new business from scratch: an eponymous line of bags, accessories and scents that is sold through direct sales and a website, IndiaHicks.com.

Though in the past several years Hicks had been selling a line of bath and beauty products with Crabtree & Evelyn (India Hicks Island Living), a jewelry line and a collection of sheets on HSN, those endeavors were essentially all for someone else. "When you are doing a licensed product, you're in a partnership with no risk," she says. "Setting up a business that we hope will be scalable is a big flipping deal. But I couldn't be more excited or energized."

At 47, she says, "I'm quite old to be launching a serious enterprise, but at 35, I didn't know who I was or what my brand should be. Now I'm in a really confident place." Part of the confidence comes from the business's two other founding partners, CEO Nicholas Keuper, a former retail and consumer-products specialist at Boston Consulting Group, and Konstantin Glasmacher, whose track record includes HauteLook, a distribution channel for excess inventory that was recently acquired by Nordstrom.

Her partners may have more business experience, but it is Hicks who drives the creative engine (down to picking the font for the packaging and writing all the descriptive copy). "We're a start-up, so we have to be incredibly agile and versatile," she says. "I'm the creative director, the marketing director. I'm guiding the PR." She is also "the soul of the company," says Keuper. "You have to start with the person to get to the product. With India, you have all this heritage and tradition combined with a delightfully irreverent attitude and a great sense of adventure. It's a very aspirational mix for other women, and it's been very inspirational to me."

It helps that the "mix" happens to be the real deal. Hicks is the daughter of the late David Hicks, one of the most influential decorators of the 20th century, and Lady Pamela Hicks, whose father, 1st Earl Mountbatten of Burma, was the last viceroy of India. Hicks grew up in Britwell House, a 1728 Georgian house in Oxfordshire that was designed by her father, until she was 12; the family then moved to the Grove, on the same estate. Over the years, Hicks spent time at another house her father designed: the ultramodern Savannah, built on Windermere Island in the Bahamas, a brief boat ride from her current home. She was, she says, "born under a lucky star," but she is no stranger to tragedy. When she was just shy of 12, her grandfather, Lord Mountbatten, was assassinated (three other people were also killed, including Hicks's teenage first cousin) by the Irish Republican Army, which planted a bomb on his fishing boat. She and her brother, Ashley, now an architect and a designer, heard the blast from the open windows of the family's house on the northwest coast of Ireland.

At 13, she was a bridesmaid in the wedding of Lady Diana Spencer and Prince Charles, who is Hicks's second cousin as well as her godfather. Hicks, who was already a die-hard tomboy, wore a dress not unlike Diana's riot of ruffles and bows. For a more recent royal wedding,

**"MY FATHER'S
SHADOW
WAS BIG. HE
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AND IT WAS
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TO REALIZE
MY OWN DESIGN
POTENTIAL."**



AN ISLAND LIFE

Clockwise from top left: Framed family pictures fill Hicks's shelves; sand and surf, just a few steps from her house; the vanity table and chair in the master bedroom, with the Duchess of Windsor tote from Hicks's new collection; tabletop treasures include miniature silver boxes and a fragrance from the line.



she wore a smashing Victoria Beckham dress as she watched Prince William marry Kate Middleton. She also served as a TV commentator for ABC and Britain's ITV, and her role as both wedding guest and observer—insider and outsider—is indicative of the way she has lived her life. When she was 17, she left boarding school, but rather than joining the posh London party circuit, she chose, almost immediately, to hit the road. First, a drive across Europe for a summer; next, a move to Boston, where she studied for a year at the New England School of Photography (a stint that served her well, since she takes most of the photos on her website). On a visit to New York, she was spotted by Ralph Lauren, who deemed her aristocratic good looks and runner's physique perfect for his print ads. It turned out that the peripatetic modeling life suited her, so she kept at it for almost a decade.

Though dubbed a rebel by the British press (at one point the *Telegraph* referred to Hicks as “the runaway bridesmaid”), Hicks herself insists, “I never see myself—or saw myself—as a rebel. I never partied, never took drugs.” Still, *rebel* and *runaway* were monikers that stuck, especially after she relocated to an island in the Bahamas at 29.

It was a move that had been intended as a sabbatical of sorts at her parents' place, Savannah. But a few weeks into it, she remet Flint Wood, an old friend of her elder sister's who had himself recently chucked an advertising career in England and was running a six-room hotel and bar on Harbour Island when, he says, “she wandered into my gin joint wearing a rather glamorous rose-print Ralph Lauren dress.” Four months later, she was pregnant with their eldest son, Felix, now 18, and she has referred to Flint Wood as “my other half” ever since, though they haven't married. “The marriage thing was never for me. Not sure why,” Hicks says. “What was important was that the children carried their father's name and felt that they were the center of our world, which they are.”

Harbour Island in those days was far more isolated; there was only spotty phone service and no Internet, and even getting groceries was (and still can be) a chore. So while her decision to stay might not have been rebellious, it was definitely brave. “There's a sort of toughness to living an island life,” she admits, adding that her friends and family didn't bat an eye over her decision. “I'd been a wanderer for a long time,

so really, that was me settling down.” For their home, she and Flint Wood chose a two-story 1950s house, Hibiscus Hill, set high on a sand dune overlooking the Sargasso Sea. Flint Wood “cared deeply” about the way things looked, Hicks says, and once they started doing over the house—ridding it of the previous owner's peach chintz and white wall-to-wall carpets—she realized she did, too.

Until then, she'd felt a tad cowed by her larger-than-life father (who died in 1998 at 69) and even by her brother, who'd followed him into the family business (Ashley Hicks designs his own fabrics and furniture and also maintains the David Hicks

lines). “My father's shadow was big. He was a brilliant man, and it was hard for me to fully realize my own design potential whilst he was still in the spotlight, which was right up to the end of his amazing life,” she says. “But once I got here and was so far, far away, I found my own voice.”

It's a voice that Ralph Lauren has called “a seductive combination of classic British taste . . . and the traditions and flavor of the Caribbean.” That unusual mix is the basis of her new line, but it came to fruition at Hibiscus Hill, which is filled with masses of books and found objects, English prints and native Caribbean paintings, “brown” English furniture mixed with white painted tables of the couple's own design and lots of slipcovered upholstery. Flint Wood says it was important to them both that they create “a real family house” for their ever-expanding pack that so far includes five children (one is a foster son whom the couple took in four years ago, after his mother died of breast cancer), three dogs, two cats, a tortoise and five lovebirds that Flint Wood

insists on calling hate birds because of their incessant squawking in the large cage just off the dining courtyard.

Now that she's relaxed enough to realize “the design thing was always in me,” she has gone so far as to happily embrace some of her father's trademarks. “I can't resist a tablescape or a burst of shocking color, and sometimes even a geometric pattern creeps in,” she says. Jonathan Adler, her friend and fellow judge on *Top Design*, says, “She's designing for herself and her family and the way they live. So it's a look that's more comfortable and approachable than her father's.”

**“I LIKE
THAT MY
CHILDREN
HAVE GROWN
UP WATCHING
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AND I LIKE
NOT HAVING
TO RELY
ON ANYBODY.”**



This new challenge makes sense to Hicks, and not just because of what Flint Wood calls her “inability to sit still.” For Hicks, work is also a financial necessity. “We have a big family, and David did not inherit a pile of money,” she says. The couple’s eldest and youngest sons are in boarding school near their grandmother in England, while their middle son and his foster brother attend school in Massachusetts. Hicks admits to having had a certain amount of guilt surrounding her professional life, especially now that it has intensified. “With the licensing, I was managing the kid-work balance pretty well,” she says. “I have a lot of help, and David’s taken on more and more of the child care. But the guilt never really goes away. You just have to learn to live with it.” Plus, she says, “I like the idea that my

bonuses related to the sales of ambassadors they recruit.)

The brand, says Keuper, is “a very emotional one,” inspired by the charismatic creator herself. “India is gorgeous and hilarious and highly intelligent,” says Adler, “but those are not unknown qualities. The charisma is what sets her apart. It’s this ineffable quality, but somehow she makes it effable. She’s this successful businesswoman and a great mother, but she’s also hilariously irreverent, and that contributes to her X factor. She ain’t stuffy.”

It’s the unstuffy X factor that will be on display at the “English teas” and “island cocktail parties” that her ambassadors will hold in order to sell her wares. In the beginning, she’ll often turn up in the flesh; after that, she’ll be available on video if the

PARADISE FOUND

Launching a new business at the age of 47 feels just right to Hicks. “At 35, I didn’t know who I was or what my brand should be,” she says.

children have grown up watching me work. And I like not having to rely on anybody.”

All her considerable talents—the remarkable energy, the good looks and great taste, her roots in both England and the Bahamas, her exuberant maternal warmth—will be marketed along with the products she’s creating. It’s a proposition that will be made much easier by the direct-sales model the company has adopted. Hicks says many of the women she calls her style ambassadors will be women like her who want to find a way to make a living on their own time. (The ambassadors will make an upfront investment in a starter kit of samples and will earn commissions on each sale they make, plus



She wears the **pants**

Katharine Hepburn once said, “I wore pants when they weren’t fashionable . . . I did what I wanted.” This season Hepburn would have been in her glory, because pants—loose and fitted or sleek and sculptural—are having a major moment. Actress Loan Chabanol, one to watch in 2015, gets leggy with it

PHOTOGRAPHED

BY MARKUS JANS / STYLED BY MASHA ORLOV









DROME perforated leather top; **FASHION-CLINIC.DE.** **USE UNUSED** trousers; **IONA**, 608-467-9489. **CORNELIA WEBB** gold-plated necklace and gold-plated rings with green topaz, sold individually; **CORNELIAWEBB.COM**. OPPOSITE: **ZAC POSEN** neoprene jacket and pants; **NEIMANMARCUS.COM**. **CORNELIA WEBB** silver-plated ring with freshwater pearl; **CORNELIAWEBB.COM**. PAGES 96-97: **CHARLES WARREN** silk charmeuse blouse; **CHARLESWARRENNEWYORK.COM**. **VALENTINA KOVA** silk pants; **SLOANHALL.COM**. **WOUTERS & HENDRIX** silver-plated bangle with freshwater pearl; **ANNELORE**, 212-775-0077.



LOAN CHABANOL, 32, is always taking giant steps. Born in Paris, she entered Elite Model Look—the international contest that launched the careers of Cindy Crawford and Diane Kruger—and suddenly the 16-year-old from a family of modest means was flying to gigs in Norway and Mexico and all over Asia. A couple of years ago, her ambition turned to acting, but rather than inch her way in with barely noticeable, dues-paying roles, Loan (pronounced *low-ann*) made her big-screen debut flirting with Woody Allen in a scene from John Turturro's 2013 comedy, *Fading Gigolo*. "I kept reminding myself Woody was just a human being. Otherwise I would have freaked out," she admits. But Turturro, who directed the film, never noticed her nerves. "When Loan came in to audition, she was fresh, funny and beautiful," he recalls. "She was a discovery."

If her part as James Franco's girlfriend in 2013's romantic drama *Third Person* was too small to fall into the category of giant step, her next project certainly qualifies. In *The Transporter Legacy*, a reboot of writer-producer Luc Besson's popular *Transporter* trilogy, she's the female lead: Anna, a top assassin who helps decimate a gang of human traffickers from Russia. "It's a very kick-ass role," says Chabanol, who was already in action-star shape thanks to regular boxing and yoga classes.

Shooting *The Transporter Legacy* meant she got to spend some time back in France, but she now considers her home to be New York, where she picked up her slightly fractured English. "I had to learn," says Chabanol, who arrived in the U.S. knowing only basics like "What's your name?" Traveling to Vietnam for work also awakened rootsy emotions in the actress, whose father is Vietnamese and whose mother would cook traditional dishes such as pho when Chabanol was growing up. "It was comforting to see the people, the culture," she says. "It was like becoming acquainted with a part of yourself you'd never met." —**MARGY ROCHLIN**

CALVIN KLEIN piqué mesh tank; 212-292-9000.
AUDRA silk trousers; AUDRAOFFICIAL.COM. **LADY GREY** gold-plated collar necklace; LADYGREYJEWELRY.COM. **PEDRO GARCIA** patent leather pumps; COUTURE.ZAPPOS.COM.





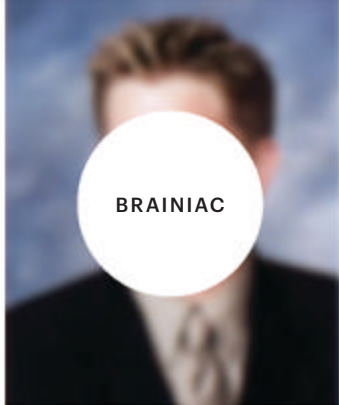


JONATHAN SIMKHAI knit tee; NORDSTROM.COM. **ELLE SASSON** lace pants; **JENNA WHITE**, 305-669-5940. **CORNELIA WEBB** silver-plated necklace with freshwater pearls; CORNELIAWEBB.COM. OPPOSITE: **LISA PERRY** ruffle top and crepe pants; LISAPERRYSTYLE.COM. **LADY GREY** gold-plated collar necklace with bismuth; LADYGREYJEWELRY.COM. **PEDRO GARCIA** patent leather pumps; COUTURE.ZAPPOS.COM. ©
 HAIR: FELIX FISCHER FOR RICH HAIR CARE AT FACTORY DOWNTOWN; MAKEUP: ERIN GREEN USING CHANEL ROUGE COCO; MANICURE: YUKO TSUCHIHASHI FOR CHANEL
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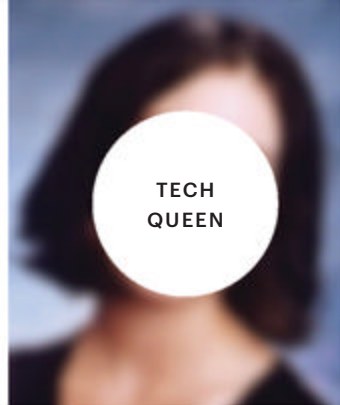




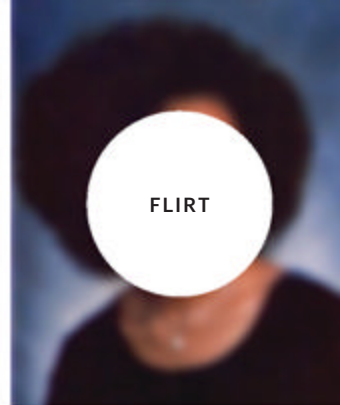
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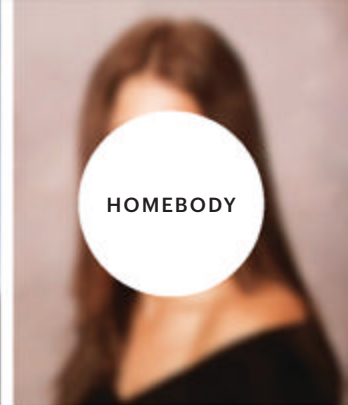
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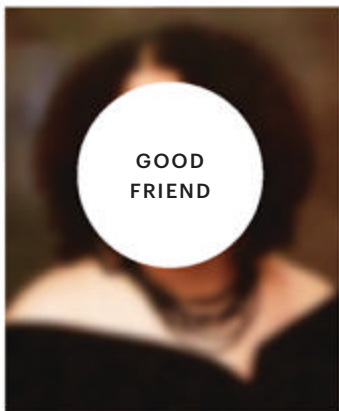
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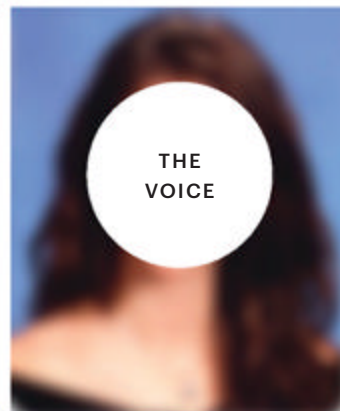
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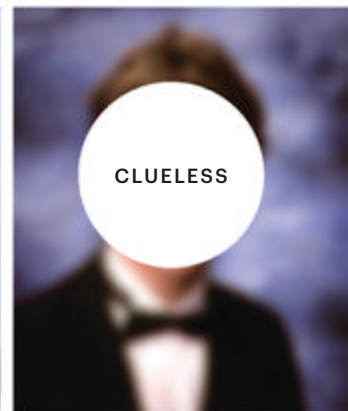
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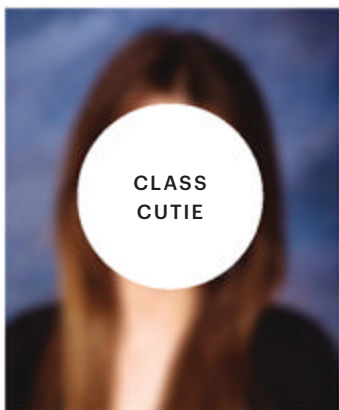
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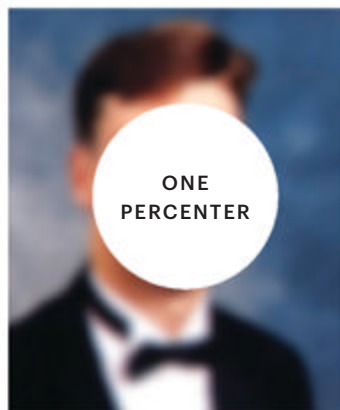
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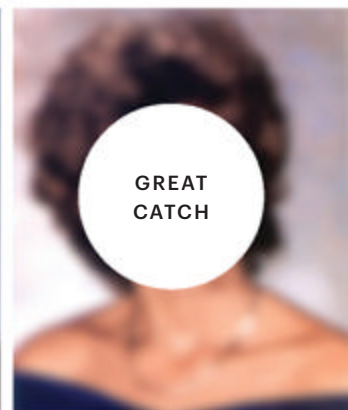
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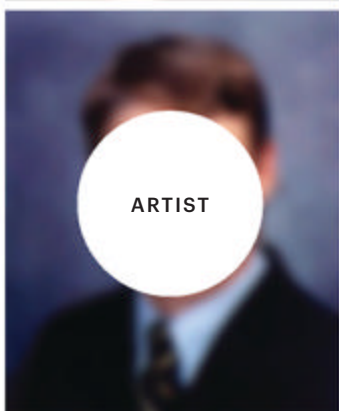
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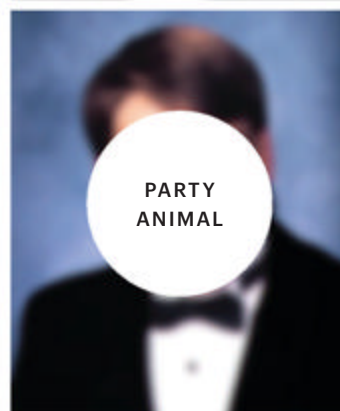
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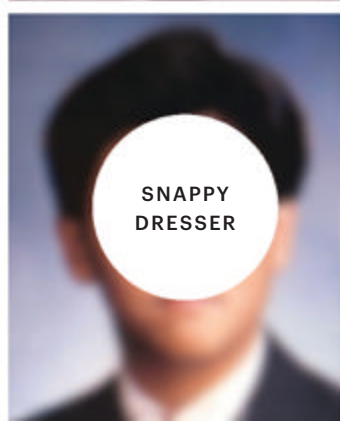
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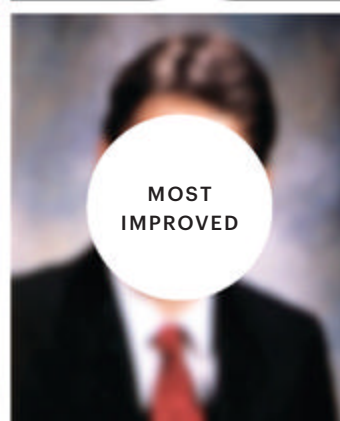
GOODY
TWO-SHOES



TEACHER'S
PET



SNAPPY
DRESSER



MOST
IMPROVED



TEAM
PLAYER

THE
TRUTH ABOUT
REUNIONS

SHOULD YOU GO? WILL YOU NEED AN EMERGENCY FACE-LIFT?
HOW MEAN ARE THE MEAN GIRLS NOW?
WHY ON EARTH WOULD YOU WANT TO GET TOGETHER WITH THEM?
THEN AGAIN, WHY WOULD YOU NOT?

**FOUR WRITERS CONFRONT THEIR HOPES
AND FEARS**

IT WAS A SPIRITED class of 59 girls.

We had worn pink-and-white shirtwaist seersucker uniforms, studied AP History and French, ridden horses or played field hockey, and been bred for success.

Now, decades after graduating from National Cathedral School, more than half my class was gathered at a reunion under a spacious white tent. The delicious scent of dogwood stirred my memories: those walks to the athletic field or over to St. Albans, the boys' school; the dreaded "Please see me" notes—bearing my name—that the dean of students tacked to the bulletin board when my grades fell below a B–.

My friend Randie was laughing as she recalled that same dean scolding her after a term paper fell short. "Cathedral girls don't make mistakes," the dean had informed her.

The reunion was on the grounds of the Washington Cathedral. Outside the tent, the cathedral tower was still in scaffolding three years after the 2011 earthquake that shook apart the carved stones in its cone-shaped pinnacles. Cherry blossoms were finally opening, delayed by one of the hardest winters in memory.

Cathedral has turned out daughters of the prominent and privileged, and a few others, since 1900. My friends' fathers were members of Congress, foreign dignitaries, cabinet members, presidents. My own dad was a scientist at the Department of Energy.

Like all girls, we misbehaved—but at Cathedral a girl suspended for smoking pot might be the daughter of the vice president. Most of us continued school in the Ivy League or at one of the Seven Sisters, followed by grad school or careers.

It was *The Best of Everything*. But everything started to change.

The summer we graduated, President Nixon resigned. A few years earlier, Washington—one of the most segregated cities in America—had burned during three days of rioting after the assassination of Martin Luther King Jr. We watched black smoke rise from the center of the city, from the Cathedral's own bell tower.

That racy idea of "women's lib" had made my heart beat faster, though most of our mothers stayed home, and we were cloistered in our uniforms (knee length—there was a ruler check) on the Cathedral Close. The time a group of us attended a Vietnam War protest, we were picked up in a limo by one of the dads, fresh from testifying before the Senate Watergate Committee.

We were expected to be perfect in a world that appeared to be falling apart.

I don't remember talking a lot with Lucy during school, but seeing her now, I realized what pain and anger she must have felt back then, behind the thick girl-glasses of the time, almost identical to my own horn-rims. She was probably the smartest girl in our class, which said a lot.

This was the first time she had returned for a reunion. None of us had seen her since we graduated. Now, attractive and warm, with the same shoulder-length hair, she told me she never went to Yale, as had been announced. Instead, soon after we graduated, she went to work on a construction crew pouring asphalt, lived out of her car, came out as a lesbian and changed her name.

I was thinking about something Diana, a children's-book author whose father had served in Nixon's cabinet, had asked a few of us: "So how do you define success these days?"

"Just being able to forgive people," said one woman. "Letting go of anger," said another. "Giving up the struggle for perfection," said a third.

In college, those same women had made Phi Beta Kappa. Later on, they headed to the C-suite or elective office. My friend Amy, who for

years was seated next to me in class, alphabetically, now lived 3,000 miles away. Her name appeared on the masthead of a major daily newspaper. To me it seemed she had hardly changed. I could still see her skinny legs in the regulation oxfords. At the reunion she just kept asking, "Was all that worry really necessary?"

CHASING PERFECTION

BY POLLY KREISMAN

We are grayer versions of those hopeful yearbook photos. Most of us took the path we seemed to be on from the start. We are White House advisers; we run nonprofits and small businesses. We are journalists, lawyers, doctors. Some of us are grandmothers; some, like me, are still the parents of preteens (twins, a boy and a girl). The "mean girls" (the movie by that name was based on life at Cathedral, though changed to a fictitious public high school) were still, well, telling everyone else what to do. But it was clear that the thing our high school had never taught us was the certainty of imperfection.

A day or so after the reunion, Randie texted me, "I was close to tears as we spoke about what matters most to us now, about being present and being kind, experiencing less fear of failure and less preoccupation with externally defined success."

A new family recently moved in next door to us in my small town outside New York City. I had heard they were from Washington. The mother and I quickly discovered we had both graduated from Cathedral. Now our children would be at the same elementary school. "What year were you?" she asked me. "Class of '74," I said. There was a pause. "Was that the year you were born?" I joked.

It was.

Later on I thought, Her education has only begun.

POLLY KREISMAN is a TV and print journalist living in Larchmont, New York, with her two children and a large poodle. [@reporteratlarch](#)

"WAS IT AN IUD?" the elderly gentleman asked as I walked my three-legged German shepherd in the park.

"Excuse me?" I replied.

"Did she lose her leg to one of them IUDs in Iraq?" he pressed.

Now I got it. "You mean IED—and no, she's not a retired military dog." Walking on, I realized that, day to day, more people assumed that my dog was a combat veteran than that I was.

As a kid, I was a tomboy: wearing jeans and sweatshirts, playing war with the boys, eschewing pink. When I was a teenager in the '90s, most of my friends were guys. Perhaps it is no surprise, then, that I ended up in the Army a few years after college; I was used to wearing combat boots, inhabiting a male-dominated world and trying to be tough.

After coming home from my tour in Iraq, I fell in love with and later married Brian, a fellow soldier who had sustained a penetrating traumatic brain injury from a roadside bomb in Iraq and as a result had PTSD—posttraumatic stress disorder. Struggling to cope with my own transition home from combat, at first I did not understand how deep his wounds ran. By the time I grasped the extent of his psychological and cognitive injuries, we had fallen in love, and abandoning him was unthinkable. The first few years of our relationship, I was absorbed in helping him recover and building a stable life for us while feeling ashamed of how hard it was to do those things. Having both absorbed the Army ethos of "suck it up and drive on," we were loath to admit to what felt like weakness. Brian got raging drunk and had violent outbursts, but I was too embarrassed to admit, even to myself, that my personal life was in crisis. Rather than try to find help for him, I concentrated relentlessly on improving our finances, going to graduate school while working full time.

Slowly, our efforts paid off: Our lives stabilized, and Brian began to recover. He got a job, stopped abusing alcohol, began volunteering for a veterans' organization and learned to compensate for his cognitive deficits and manage his mental health. Only then did I have the space to step back and ask myself if I was OK. And the answer came: I was not. Without the urgent mission of helping Brian function, I felt bereft, brittle—and isolated. As a woman, I was at least as much of a minority in the veterans' community as I had been in the Army. People assumed that only Brian was a veteran; on learning I'd been a soldier, too, they incorrectly assumed I'd never left the relative safety of secure Forward Operating Bases. Once again, I felt pressure to prove that I belonged.

During my yearlong deployment to Iraq, I had spent months as the only woman at a remote outpost on Sinjar Mountain near the Syrian border. Desperately missing my best friend, Stephanie, and longing for the comfort of being intimately understood, I'd realized for the first time how much I needed the company of women. Years later, that loneliness was back. Stephanie lived on the opposite coast, and while we stayed in touch by email and phone, it wasn't enough. One of my friends from the Army lived in my area, but once she left the service, she preferred never to discuss it, because that brought back the stresses of combat. So there was no way to reminisce with her. Brian had developed into a wonderful husband, but just as I could not understand getting blown up, he could not fully comprehend being a military woman.

2

LEARNING TO LET GO

BY KAYLA WILLIAMS

Five years after I got out of the Army, a weeklong, women-only Outward Bound trip, kayaking on Lake Superior with other female veterans, cracked my brittle shell. I was with a group of strangers who—simply by virtue of shared experiences as women in the military—knew more about my life than many of my family members. The trip forced me to relinquish the control I was trying to exert over my surroundings and admit my fears and vulnerabilities. Roles rotated daily—navigator, cook, cleaner—and one day I was told that my job was to do *nothing*. It was almost physically painful to sit by while others worked, but being forced to recognize that those around me could solve problems independently left me with an equally tangible feeling of relief.

The last day, we went rock climbing, an activity I'd enjoyed before breaking my ankle in a fall at an indoor gym a few years earlier. After rappelling to the bottom of the cliff, I froze: The sound of bone breaking echoed in my memory, and I was paralyzed with fear. The other women shouted encouragement until I got the nerve to clamber back up. At the top, turning to one of them, I burst into tears: "I used to be good at this! I used to enjoy it! I used to listen to my body, trust myself, believe in my abilities on the wall, have fun—oh." It wasn't just rock climbing that I was talking about. The woman laughed and hugged me. I felt lightened, liberated—understood.

Back home, I wanted that feeling all the time. Luckily, my friend Carolyn soon started a women veterans' book club, though perhaps wine club is more accurate. We read books that have a military theme as well

as lighter ones—and although I didn't serve with any of these women, each time we get together is a reunion with a part of my life that was profoundly important.

At one club meeting, the subject turned to an unavoidable indignity of deployment: coping with basic bodily functions. "That author seemed like one of those women who would avoid drinking much water so she wouldn't have to pee in front of anyone," said Jan. "Screw that! You have to drink water! Just pee!"

Carolyn, a fellow Iraq vet, jumped in. "Some women put on ponchos to pee. I just tell guys not to look, and then I drop trou."

"Even if they do look," added Meg, a former medic, "if you haven't seen it by now . . ."

We laughed in mutual understanding and recognition.

With these people, I feel no need for pretense. I can be proud of my strengths while admitting my weaknesses. I do not feel conflicted about whether to be tough or beautiful when I'm with these women who have all worn fatigues and now look great in cocktail dresses. Together we crack jokes about changing uniforms during sandstorms and coping with sexual harassment. We talk about breast-feeding and battle rhythm. And we all know the difference between an IUD and an IED.

KAYLA WILLIAMS is a project associate at the RAND Corporation, a Truman National Security Project Fellow and the author of *Plenty of Time When We Get Home: Love and Recovery in the Aftermath of War*. @Kwilliams101

I SAT ON the library lawn last night, taking in the white New England Colonial classroom buildings, the hundreds of forty-somethings dressed to the nines for an evening of networking and mingling and elbow rubbing.

I was attending my 25th college reunion.

I had debated whether or not to head to New Hampshire for the big event. Even at this exalted institution, college had not been a completely happy time for me. It was there, during sophomore year, that I first experienced the mental health issues that have plagued me ever since. It was there that a professor told me I couldn't go through life "crying wolf," cementing firmly in my mind, for decades to come, that my anxiety and depression were somehow my fault, not the result of genetics or a chemical imbalance. It was there that I sat in the library basement, trying to read history and literature but succumbing to the worries that plagued my psyche.

Nonetheless, I decided to come. I thought that 25 years out, the college might be a different place, both because it had changed—new buildings, new policies, new people—and also because I had reached a different, better, safer place in my life. So with an open mind, I drove off to New Hampshire.

The reunion began with an early-morning panel presentation at which Pulitzer Prize winners and Everest climbers and political organizers from our class talked about how college had helped them go forth and conquer. Up on that dais was an admirable group of men and women. They made our class look shiny, successful and glossy. I found myself relaxing into the glorified reality that these former students were embodying.

But then, in the question-and-answer session that followed the presentation, one classmate asked, "Why does the media portray our college so negatively? There are issues at every school. Why do we take the brunt of the criticism?"

The question jarred me out of my complacency. I thought, Why shouldn't we? So many of the same problems that my class faced a quarter century ago are still going strong, or worse, to judge by the frequent news reports. Young women report sexual assault in record numbers, then are forced to interact with their assailants on campus as they wait for justice that for many never comes. Drinking to excess, to the point of near poisoning, is an integral part of the college culture. The arts, perhaps even academics, are secondary to Greek life in the eyes of many students.

And yet, during the speeches that took place that day, classmates in their forties joked about how they had played drinking games in fraternity basements until the wee hours the night before. At a class memorial service, when we honored the 14 students who had died before this reunion, no mention was made of drunk driving or suicide, even though we all knew that some were not with us for precisely those reasons. We celebrated a class giving record—more than \$8 million!—while stressing that more than 50 percent of us had donated and five had given \$1 million each. We did not

mention or question or wonder about the half who had chosen to give nothing or who did not have the resources to do so.

At a class dinner, we celebrated the fact that almost 400 out of 1,000 classmates were gathered together in small-town New Hampshire rather than asking the hard question of why 600 were not.

Why weren't they there? Sure, it could have been because the location was remote, or the registration was expensive, or the kids were leaving for camp. But it could have been because they didn't want to pretend that everything was shiny and fine, that our class was made up exclusively of Emmy-nominated actors and award-winning journalists and venture-capital-fund owners. It could have been because they listened when our commencement speaker told us long ago that the most valuable lesson of life was "the lesson of [our] utter insignificance."

It could have been because they never felt united in the first place and so were unable to reunite.

As college-reunion season flows on, I wonder why we come together at our alma mater at regular intervals. Is it to reassure ourselves that we made the right choice all those years ago? That our college years really did influence our lives, and yes, the world, for the better? Is it to congratulate ourselves, one another, on how superior we are to others, thanks—at least partly—to our

four years in New Hampshire? Because that was how it seemed to me, as speakers celebrated the excellence of our class, the closeness of our bonds, the enormity of our successes. They raved on about us, but fewer than half of us were there to hear it.

Perhaps we should redefine what it means to reunite, why we travel round the girdled earth to the alma mater once every five, 10 or 25 years. Perhaps, instead of reveling in the fact that we spent four years together, we should reflect on the fact that we've spent 25 years apart. Perhaps we should see reunion as a time not to celebrate some successes but to come together in a truer sense, to say, "I'm worried about whether my family business will survive" or "How am I going to pay for my children to have an idyllic college experience?" or "I'm better now than when I was here, because they invented psychiatric medications that have given me true quality of life." Or "I'm sad because some of our classmates died, and they didn't have to." Or "Life hasn't been as perfect and pristine as I thought it would be, back when I walked across this campus in the snow."

I wanted this reunion to show me a better picture of my college. I really did. But what I found? The stark reunion reality—that whitewashing is not only for pretty Colonial classroom buildings but also for lives and classes and college experiences.

3

FACING THE PAST

BY LISA T. McELROY

LISA T. McELROY, an associate professor of law at Drexel University, graduated from Dartmouth College in 1989. This was her first college reunion. [@proflisamcelroy](#)

EVERY TWO YEARS since the 1980s, my extended family has gathered in July among a cluster of villas by the shore of a crystal-clear, sand-edged lake in northern Michigan. My mother discovered Glen Lake in 1972, when my parents were 30 and teaching at Saginaw Valley College, near Midland, Michigan. I was five, my little brother was two, and our littlest brother wasn't born yet when we first visited the hillside house of friends of my mother's and stood on the deck, which offered a magnificent view of the lake. The water, teal and tourmaline, looked like a mirror sunk in a bowl of pines. Gazing straight across "Big Glen," you could see the white beach of the villas where we would stay in later years. Looking left, we saw "Little Glen," backing onto the towering Sleeping Bear Sand Dunes (which kids love to run down). Beyond the dunes, Lake Michigan spread out vast and smooth, a blue, curving infinity.

For more than a decade after that visit, my family went to Glen Lake every summer on our own; but in the 1980s, my mother's Illinois cousins started joining us with their kids (my mother was an only child, and her cousins had been like siblings to her), so Glen Lake became a place of reunion. The dispersed "Hartwig cousin" matriarchs—now living in several states across the country—reigned benevolently there, subtly guided by my mother, who was the oldest and whose humor, cooking skills and ringleader aura made her the natural orchestrator of festivities, at least in my eyes.

For all the decades that we've upheld this tradition, my generation of cousins—now in our forties—has left the reins in the hands of the matriarchs. We've done this in part because nostalgia makes us want things to continue as they always were and in part because we lack the dedication and sense of occasion that compelled my mother to spend precious holiday hours cooking dinners, preparing picnics of homemade fried chicken, potato salad and baked beans and whipping up cookies and cakes to feed our childhood memories. (My generation tends to favor Lunchables and cookies in plastic tubs.) But also, on some level, my brothers and I left it for our mother because we knew how deeply she cherished her role as organizing force.

When I picture my family at Glen Lake or when I look at family scrapbooks, I remember my mother as she was in the 1970s: tall, slender, capricious, dark and energetic, unceasingly original. And when I see her these days at smaller family gatherings in Virginia, where my parents now live, I am aware that time has silvered her hair and that Parkinson's, which took hold of her seven years ago, has curved her posture, but I still feel the indestructible will, joy and whimsy of her younger self. The disease has stiffened her movement, and the frustration she suffers at the restraint on her

freedoms breaks my heart. Yet when I intercede, I do so at peril of her pride. This past summer at Glen Lake, my mother wanted to continue making food for us, to carry on her matriarchal role, but her motor skills made that difficult. She and my father had driven 16 hours with a casserole she'd made back home in Virginia, to feed the clan on our first night together. We teased her about the unnecessary effort when she put the dish in the oven, but it turned out no other family had come with a meal plan, and as all the Hartwig cousins crowded onto the deck of our villa and ate the feast my mother had prepared, her grandson Auggie crowed with glee to see how lively and successful the dinner was. I glowed, warmed by my mother's satisfaction.

Later that week, my father and I made a casserole from her recipe book for a picnic, trying to spare my mother needless effort, but

though she was having a bad day with her illness, she felt usurped. When we weren't looking, she tried to carry the hot casserole dish to the picnic table herself, but on the way she stumbled, sabotaged by her Parkinson's. The contents went flying onto the grass, and so did she. A kind boy in a neighboring villa helped her back

to our deck. Seeing the ruined dish on the table, I nearly snapped at her. I caught myself in time, but she, observant as ever, perceived both my momentary pique and my quick self-correction and understood. That evening, we spoke about the incident.

"I'm so sorry, Mama—I know how painful this is, how unfair it is for you . . ." I began.

"I'm supposed to be the matriarch," she interjected, eyes filling. "I'm supposed to be the one taking care of everyone. If I can't do that, I'm irrelevant!" she said.

"Oh, Mama, you matter so much," I told her. "We are all living out the traditions you started; you must let us do the things you can't."

"But I don't know what I can do and what I should let others do for me," she said. "How can I know?"

At Glen Lake last summer, I accepted that "can't" is not in my mother's stubborn, creative, generous character. She will test what she "can" do as long as possible. She is matriarch, mother, girl and grandmother, all in one: the fuse that extends through us all at the lake, shedding light and heat, like the fireworks the kids light on July nights, by the shore, among the s'mores. And if I bake her casseroles next year at the lake, I will know to ask her to let me walk with her with the dish to the picnic table, my supporting arm on her elbow, both of us carrying her traditions forward, hand in hand. ☉

4

MAKING TRADITION NEW

BY LIESL SCHILLINGER

LIESL SCHILLINGER is a New York-based literary critic and translator. @arbitrix



YOU ONLY THINK YOU KNOW

C O P E N H A G E N

FOR THIS SPECIAL *More* travel series, we asked our favorite insiders for shops, treats and hotels they tell only their friends about. Here, photographer **Ditte Isager** takes us on a tour that even Hans Christian Andersen might find illuminating. **Interview by Gisela Williams**

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DITTE ISAGER



A COURTYARD

in the atmospheric 17th-century neighborhood of Christianshavn, which our Copenhagen insider Ditte Isager once called home. Opposite: Isager on Wildersgade, one of her favorite streets in the district.



COFFEE COLLECTIVE

DITTE ISAGER, a celebrated photographer who has worked for *Vogue Living* and with luminaries such as Gwyneth Paltrow, made her international reputation in London and New York but eventually felt the lure of her homeland. “I just missed Denmark,” she says. “I wanted my son to grow up and know my family. Copenhagen is informal and cozy, and you can get anywhere with a bike.” It has also become a culinary mecca, which Isager explored while working on the cookbooks of René Redzepi (he cofounded the restaurant Noma and is considered by many to be one of the world’s best chefs). With her keen photographer’s eye, she focuses on the best of the capital city she loves.

FOR A DELICIOUS jolt of caffeine, I like **Coffee Collective** (coffeecollective.dk). There are three; I go to the one in an old warehouse in Frederiksberg. They roast the beans in the back of the shop and attract a mix of people, from coffee nerds to families.

I BUY MY AMAZING sourdough and rye bread at **Meyers Bageri** (clausmeyer.dk/en). The owner, Claus Meyer (he co-owns Noma), is a friend. Once, when I visited his farm, he was baking bread while trying to take a shower, and I found him running around the kitchen naked. Typical Claus.

WHEN I WANT PEACE and quiet, I escape to **Hamsa Yoga** (hamsayoga.dk). I love the classes, and you can also get massages.

Torvehallerne (torvehallernekbh.dk) has the best food shopping, with more than 60 vendors. You can sit and eat at **Ma Poule** (charcuterie or sandwiches with duck confit) or try the café in the big hall.

A FAVORITE SHOP is **Lot #29** (lot29.dk), on the same street as Atelier September, selling clothing, perfumes and accessories.

Mads Norgaard (madsnorgaard.dk), a Danish designer, creates casual clothing for women and men. I love his classic long-sleeve T-shirts. Mads is a cool guy who lives on a houseboat. »



CLAUS MEYER
OF MEYERS BAGERI

MOZZARELLA IN OLIVE OIL
AT ATELIER SEPTEMBER



ATELIER SEPTEMBER

(atelier-september.dk) is one of my favorite restaurants, with an excellent food store across the street. The chef came from **Noma**. They have super-simple food, like a breakfast of yogurt with muesli, lemon curd and basil.

I love the coffee and the avocado on rye.





LINA CHRISTENSEN
AND HER WORK

LUBAROL



SANKT ANNAE
BED & BREAKFAST

FOR JEWELRY, visit the little showroom of **Lina Christensen** (linachristensen.com; by appointment only), who has designed for Georg Jensen. Her creations are organic and natural looking. I also like **Line & Jo** (lineandjo.com), opened by two women whose work has a distinctive style.

FOR CLOTHES, I like **Lubarol** (lubarol.com/da), which sells international brands. My favorite of these is Aiayu, knitwear made from Bolivian llama wool. I usually wear one of their scarves or sweaters.

Sankt Annæ Bed & Breakfast (sabnb.dk) is where I would stay. It's in the best location in Christianshavn.

YOU HAVE TO TAKE A TRAIN to get to the **Louisiana Museum of Modern Art** (louisiana.dk), but it's worth it just to experience the midcentury Danish architecture and the fantastic location on the water. The original owner had three wives, and they were all named Louise.

I HAVE PROBABLY EATEN MORE MEALS at **Noma** (noma.dk) than anywhere else—it's a classic, well worth visiting. Noma is usually booked far ahead; to make reservations, go to the website.

Illums Bolighus (illumsbolighus.dk) offers the best home-interiors shopping and also carries Rudolph Care, my favorite brand of moisturizer and sunscreen. Across the street is **Hay** (hay.dk), which has furniture, notebooks—everything! The space is amazing: superhigh ceilings and beautiful herringbone floors. And just around the corner is **Stilleben** (stilleben.dk) for ceramics, cushions and more.

FOR AN OLD-FASHIONED, high-quality Danish lunch (e.g., open-faced sandwich on rye), I go to **Schonnemann** (restaurant.schonnemann.dk) in the city center.

Cafe Europa 1989 (europa1989.dk), also in the city center, is good for a coffee or lunch break while you're shopping. »



WHEN I WANT TO
BE PEACEFUL,

I go to **Grundtvigs Kirke** (grundtvigskirke.dk). The church is huge, built from yellow bricks and wood. I'm not religious, but I love the architecture—so minimal and calming—and the light is beautiful. My dad is buried in the church's cemetery, a serene place for a walk.



VINHANEN



OLUFS



NORTH COAST COTTAGES

I TAKE MY SON to **Faelledparken**, a huge park popular with runners. The playground, with its towers, is a mini version of the city. We always pop by **Olufs** (olufs.dk) for ice cream on a stick.

THE MEATPACKING AREA is worth a visit, not just for the fish bar, **Fiskebaren** (fiskebaren.dk/en), but also for a new eatery called **Paté Paté** (patepate.dk). There are lots of bars and galleries—and many of the old butcher shops. Nearby is the red-light district, with some fun bars and an unusual art gallery called **V1** (v1gallery.com).

THE BEST WINE bar in town is **Vinhanen** (vinhanen.dk), with good wine on tap at good prices. You can also fill a bottle to go, as if you were at a vineyard in France. They serve charcuterie and occasionally bring in someone expert at cooking one thing. Last time I was there, four guys were in the kitchen making two kinds of mini burgers—soooooo good!



MEATPACKING DISTRICT

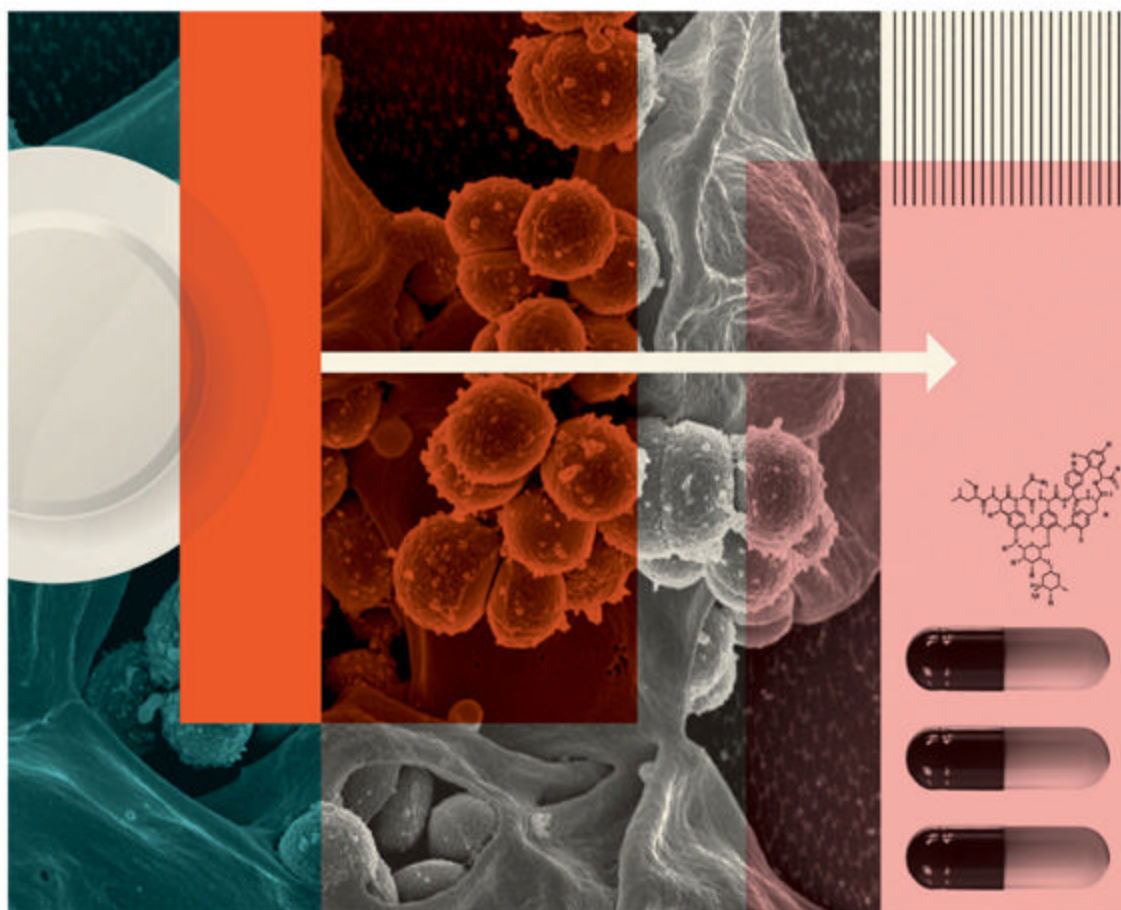
Christianshavn is where I used to live. I love the cobblestone streets, the color of the buildings, the canals, the old sailors, the old hippies and the young hipsters. The ideal outing might start with coffee at **Sweet Treat** (sweettreat.dk), then lunch at **Christianshavns Bådudlejning** (baadudlejning.dk) on the canal, and if you're really up for an adventure, you could have the last drink of the night at **Eiffel Bar** (eiffelbar.dk)—it's one of the few places where you can still smoke, so chances are you won't be able to see the person sitting across from you. ☹

GISELA WILLIAMS wrote the Paris story in this series. Based in Germany, she cohosts *Berlin Stories* for NPR. [@giselaatlange](https://www.instagram.com/giselaatlange) on Instagram

MY FAVORITE

summerhouse area is the **North Coast**, which is to Copenhagen what the Hamptons are to New York City, but closer, only about 45 minutes by car. A perfect day trip there, any time of year, would start with breakfast at **Køster** (kosterco.dk) in Tisvildeleje—scrambled eggs with fresh herbs and cottage cheese—followed by a visit to the flea market, ice cream at **Hansen** (hansens-is.dk), a swim and fish cakes for lunch at the harbor in Gilleleje.





Superbugs in your supper

Whenever you eat chicken or beef, you're probably also eating a side order of antibiotic-resistant bacteria. Learn how to protect yourself **BY MARYN MCKENNA**

IF YOU'VE EVER had strep throat or a urinary tract infection, you probably got better quickly by taking an antibiotic. But in the past few decades, more and more bacteria have acquired defenses against the drugs invented to obliterate them. "The evolution of antibiotic resistance is now occurring at an alarming rate and is outpacing the development of new countermeasures capable of thwarting infections in humans," states a September 2014 report from the President's Council of Advisors on Science and Technology. Each year, antibiotic-resistant bacterial infections sicken two million

Americans and kill 23,000, the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention estimates. Expect these numbers to grow. Because a new class of antibiotic has not been developed since the late 1980s, we may someday run out of ways to kill certain germs. And while promising new antibiotics such as teixobactin have recently been found to work on mice, it's not yet clear if they'll be equally effective on humans.

Right now antibiotic-resistant bacteria pose the biggest threat to the sickest patients: those lying in intensive care units, waiting for organ transplants or undergoing

cancer treatment. But over the past decade, researchers in several countries have found a connection between antibiotic resistance and a medical problem that often appears in healthy people: urinary tract infections (UTIs), which afflict women much more often than men. Though there are six million to eight million UTI cases a year in the United States, they are often considered a minor problem because typically they are easily vanquished with drugs. But if the infections go untreated, which is essentially what happens when antibiotics don't work, they can spread and lead to serious



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problems, such as kidney infections and sepsis, a potentially lethal whole-body inflammation that occurs when pathogenic bacteria move into the bloodstream.

Scientists have traced the rise of one type of antibiotic resistance to a surprising source: the routine use of these drugs in the production of meat, especially poultry—a practice that public health experts have been criticizing for decades. The concern is that several drugs employed in meat production are the same few that doctors can still prescribe to beat resistant infections, including UTIs. “Meat producers are using medications that are critically important, last-line drugs for humans,” says Peter Collignon, MD, a professor of medicine at the Australian National University.

SUPERBACTERIA IN THE FOOD CHAIN

SINCE THE 1950s, most meat animals raised in the United States—cattle, pigs, chickens—have received small doses of antibiotics in their feed or water as they grow. Besides protecting the animals from developing infections in crowded farm conditions, the drugs help them fatten up faster. The downside is that these doses encourage the bacteria in the guts of these animals to evolve so that they are immune to the destructive effects of the specific antibiotics they’re given. If you cook the meat from the animals at a high temperature, those bacteria are killed. But if you undercook it, you will consume bacteria that are resistant to one or more types of antibiotic.

As early as the 1960s, one consequence of putting these superbugs into the food chain became clear. People who ate meat or produce contaminated with drug-resistant *Salmonella* or *Campylobacter* came down with cases of food poisoning that could not be treated with certain common antibiotics, such as penicillin. Since then, as drug use on farms has expanded, resistance has, too; today some food-borne bacteria are impervious to entire families of antibiotic drugs, such as those that include Keflex and Cipro.

UTIs make us sick in a different way than ordinary food poisoning does. If you eat undercooked chicken contaminated with

Salmonella, the bacteria cause symptoms such as diarrhea and fever in less than a day. But the food-borne bacteria that cause UTIs—chiefly one form of *E. coli*—do not cause symptoms quickly. Instead, they reside in your gut, without causing any harm, alongside bacteria that are already present in your intestine. At some point, though, sexual intercourse can push the bugs into the opening of your bladder. So can wiping yourself carelessly in the bathroom. In short, UTIs tend to happen when women accidentally infect themselves with their own gut bacteria.

WHAT DOCTORS OFTEN GET WRONG

URINARY tract infections are such a familiar problem that doctors rarely test patients to confirm the diagnosis. If a woman describes the usual symptoms, the doctor typically prescribes from a standard list of drugs; there’s a chance she may do a quick urine test to confirm there’s an infection in the bladder. If you return to the office

complaining of the same symptoms as before, the doctor is likely to assume that you became infected a second time, not that the first infection persisted. But if you have a resistant infection, the drug will not kill all the trouble-causing bacteria, in which case your symptoms may fade briefly, only to recur. Or they may never go away.

A few years ago, a medical association, the Infectious Diseases Society of America, tried to change the way doctors treat UTIs. The organization told physicians that drug-resistant UTIs are on the rise and recommended that doctors tailor prescriptions to individual patients by checking samples of their bacteria for resistance to antibiotics. But the message may not be getting through. Cheryl Iglesia, MD, a professor of obstetrics, gynecology and urology at Georgetown University School of Medicine, estimates that 10 percent of the UTI patients referred to her by other physicians were prescribed the wrong drug the first time around. Hospital-wide testing by her institution, she says, shows that significant proportions of bacteria that cause UTIs are no longer responding to common UTI



drugs: 38 percent of *E. coli* were resistant to Cipro and 33 percent to Bactrim. As a result, infections in patients were lingering—and the longer an infection lasts, the more dangerous it becomes.

Once bacterial resistance to any drug becomes common, doctors cease to prescribe it; they choose the next drug that might work and then the next. If the bacteria are resistant to several antibiotics, the last resort is drugs that can only be administered intravenously, an unpleasant (and expensive) experience that often requires a visit to a hospital or an infusion center.

SLEUTHING OUT THE FOOD CONNECTION

IT TOOK ABOUT a decade for researchers to begin to understand why resistance was appearing in UTIs. In 1999, Amee Manges, PhD, now at the University of British Columbia's School of Population and Public Health, was working on her doctorate at the University of California, Berkeley, when she began investigating whether UTIs could be food borne. Because these infections start with accidental events, scientists had always assumed that UTIs happen randomly—that is, without any discernible clustering. But Manges demonstrated that drug-resistant UTIs among students were happening not episodically but in the kind of pattern (blowing up quickly and then tailing off) that epidemiologists associate with food-borne-illness outbreaks, such as what might happen after a school cafeteria serves undercooked chicken or ground beef.

While Manges was conducting her research, James R. Johnson, MD, of the University of Minnesota followed a completely different angle that led to additional evidence linking food-borne bacteria and resistance. He determined that resistant *E. coli* found in hospital patients in Minnesota and Wisconsin matched microbes found on poultry sold in supermarkets near where they lived.

The work of Manges and Johnson jump-started additional investigations, and now more than 30 studies done by researchers in the U.S., Canada, Europe and Australia have discovered similarities in the types

of antibiotic-resistant bacteria found in humans and food animals within specific geographic locations. Among several types of meat tested, the largest overlap occurs in poultry, the most commonly eaten meat in the United States.

Some researchers who study the agricultural use of antibiotics are not convinced that it leads to resistance in the kind of bacteria that can infect people. Causality could be in the other direction: Meat could pick up resistant bacteria from food handlers (say, in supermarkets) or from the environment (for instance, supermarket counters). "There is no evidence for the directionality of these strains of *E. coli*," says Randall Singer, DVM, PhD, a veterinarian and associate professor of epidemiology at the University of Minnesota. The meat industry also disavows any link; organizations such as the Animal Health Institute argue that the prime source of antibiotic resistance in humans is the medical profession's overuse of drugs. Proponents of continuing antibiotic use in farm animals contend that consumers can protect themselves from *E. coli* infections by keeping their kitchens scrupulously clean, never letting raw meat touch anything else and cooking everything to an internal temperature of 155 to 160 degrees Fahrenheit (that translates to a well-done burger).

But federal policy makers are not buying these arguments. In December 2013, the Food and Drug Administration asked pharmaceutical companies to voluntarily make "medically important" antibiotics—drugs used to treat humans—available to meat producers only to protect animals' health and not to promote their growth. The European Union has banned the use of drugs to fatten livestock since 2006.

REDUCING YOUR RISK

HOW MUCH of a public health problem are food-borne resistant UTIs? To answer that question, experts have begun running the numbers to determine the percentage of UTIs that can be traced to food-borne bacteria versus the percentage that develop because antibiotics have been overused. Findings are not

CONTINUED ON PAGE 130

ARE ANTIBIOTICS MAKING US FAT?

THE ROUTINE use of antibiotics in agriculture—giving meat animals tiny doses of drugs as they grow—began after scientists discovered that it encouraged animals to put on weight quickly. Sixty-five years later, some researchers are asking, Could our antibiotic use be fueling the epidemic of obesity in humans?

The first researchers to study what agriculture calls growth-promoting antibiotics recognized immediately that the drugs might have the same effect on people. In a series of experiments that would be considered unethical today, they fed antibiotics to premature infants and mentally disabled children and reported that they consistently gained weight. More recent and more ethical studies have found that providing antibiotics to undernourished children in poor countries helps them gain weight, even more weight than kids given vitamins or better food.

To test whether antibiotics are making normal-size people fat, Martin Blaser, MD, and his lab team at NYU Langone Medical Center administered these drugs to baby mice. They determined that the drugs reset the animals' metabolism toward weight gain and also altered the balance of bacteria in their guts that govern how nutrients are absorbed and how metabolism functions. Blaser, who documents his studies in *Missing Microbes: How the Overuse of Antibiotics Is Fueling Our Modern Plagues*, believes, based on his own results, that the antibiotics doctors give children for infections, along with antibiotic residues in the environment, may be resetting the metabolism of the world.

CARNAL KNOWLEDGE



Q: I love my husband, but I met someone who really excites me, and I'm thinking of hooking up with him. If it's just sex, would that be a mistake?

A: About 12 percent of married women have had extramarital affairs, according to the General Social Survey, conducted by NORC at the University of Chicago. One reason is boredom in bed. "As marriages mature, the infatuation of the first few years often changes into a different kind of feeling," says Jay Lebow, PhD, a psychologist at the Family Institute at Northwestern University. Most wives contemplating an outside sexual relationship have no interest in leaving their husbands. But given the digital evidence now available (emails, cell phone call records, texts, etc.), partners are likely to find out about the infidelity, which is almost always traumatic for the betrayed spouse. While adultery is not necessarily fatal to marriages—Lebow estimates that 50 to 80 percent survive affairs, at least in the short term—cheating does create a lack of trust that isn't easy to live with. A less painful remedy for sexual boredom, says Lebow, may be to "find out what you as a couple can do to make your sexual relationship more exciting. Talk to your partner, get a therapist, work at your marriage and see what happens."

Q: I've never understood why I get wet when I'm having intercourse. Can you provide an explanation?

A: Vaginal lubrication is nature's way of preventing you from experiencing irritation and chafing during sexual intercourse. While some moistness is always present in your vagina, lubrication becomes much more intense in sexual arousal. Sexual arousal causes extra blood to flow into the vaginal walls, which then secrete a thin, watery fluid into the vaginal canal. Glands in the cervix and around the opening of the vagina also release liquids, explains Margery Gass, MD, of the Cleveland Clinic Center for Specialized Women's Health. Estrogen plays a significant role in the amount of lubrication produced, and dryness is not uncommon in postmenopausal women (many premenopausal women experience it, too). Another surprising factor: the bacteria in women's vaginas. Recent research has found that among women who are no longer menstruating, different microbial populations may be associated with varying levels of vaginal moisture, notes Gass, who is also executive director of the North American Menopause Society.

Q: My sex drive isn't as strong as it was when I was younger. Would taking testosterone help?

A: While your libido can get a modest boost from testosterone, there are too many unknowns—such as possible breast-cancer and cardiovascular risks—for doctors to recommend this sex hormone's use for most women, explains Margaret E. Wierman, MD, professor of medicine, physiology and biophysics at the University of Colorado School of Medicine and chair of a task force that recently developed testosterone-therapy guidelines for the Endocrine Society. Testosterone therapy can also cause problems such as acne, a decrease in HDL ("good" cholesterol) and excessive hair growth on the face, back and chest. The only group for which testosterone therapy may be warranted, the Endocrine Society concludes, is women who have been diagnosed with a psychiatric condition known as hypoactive sexual desire disorder—severe distress caused by a low sex drive. ☺

—WRITTEN BY JOAN RAYMOND

GOT A QUESTION ABOUT SEX?

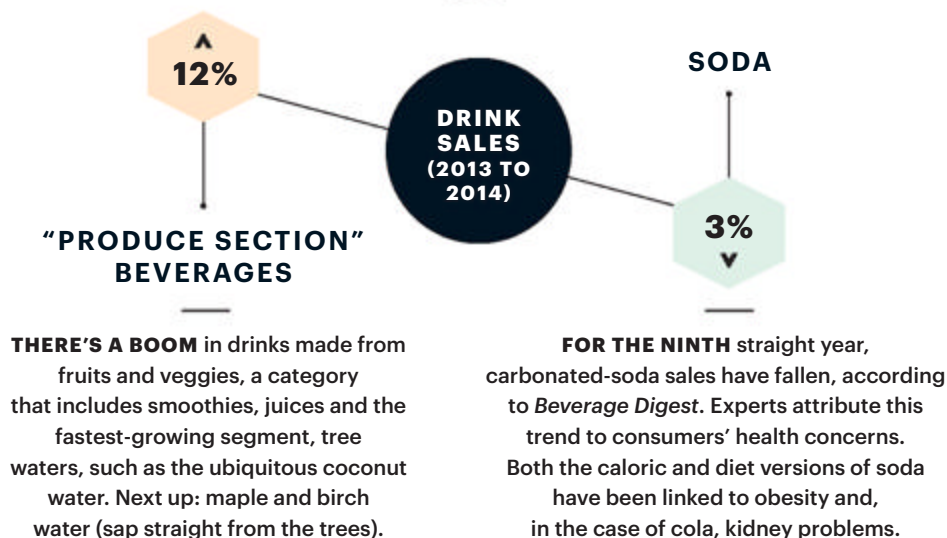
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WHAT'S UP, WHAT'S DOWN



THE SALINE SOLUTION

SALT CHAMBERS—rooms or beds where you rest while high concentrations of salt are diffused into the air—have long been popular in Europe and are gaining traction in the United States. Proponents believe sitting in the salt-saturated air reduces stress. Research also suggests the treatment can help clear your lungs, sinuses and skin, partly because salt has antibacterial properties. In a *New England Journal of Medicine* study, salt therapy was shown to help relieve symptoms of cystic fibrosis, a condition that causes mucus to accumulate in the lungs. The latest twist: holding yoga classes in a salt room. “The yoga creates efficient breathing patterns, allowing more salt to enter the respiratory system,” says Ellen Patrick, a yoga teacher and a cofounder of Breathe Easy in Manhattan, Dobbs Ferry and Katonah, New York.

98% **YOU'LL EAT** this many more snacks if you watch an action-packed TV show for 20 minutes instead of a news talk show, says a Cornell study.

NEED A WORKOUT BUDDY?

LOOKING FOR new ways to boost exercise rates, researchers have found that dog owners who take their pooches out on a leash walk on average 160 minutes a week—enough to generate substantial health benefits for both human and pet. Striding together also provides a bonding experience that most likely boosts the well-being of both, says Carri Westgarth, PhD, of the University of Liverpool in England. If you're one of the 40 percent of dog owners who don't make the daily rounds, keep this in mind: According to preliminary studies, once people learn that exercise can boost their dog's health, they tend to walk their pooch more.

GOOD MOVE

Beating back pain

SEVERAL STUDIES say practicing yoga regularly can ease lower back pain. Some of the best poses are spinal twists, which rotate your spine and stretch the muscles, connective tissue and vertebral disks in your back.



SEATED SPINAL TWIST Sit on floor with legs extended straight out. Lift right leg, bend it, then place right foot on floor outside left leg. Drop left knee down toward floor and tuck left foot close to right hip. Raise left arm overhead, then place elbow near right knee. Rest right hand on floor behind you. Sit up tall. Slowly spiral spine to the right, starting with lower back, then moving rib cage, chest, neck and head. Hold for up to one minute before switching sides.

Source: New York City yoga instructor Lauren Taus

BOOK OF THE MONTH



>>> THE FEAR CURE: CULTIVATING COURAGE AS MEDICINE FOR THE BODY, MIND, AND SOUL, by Lissa Rankin, MD In her fourth book, mind-body-medicine physician Lissa Rankin stresses the physical and mental benefits of overcoming the anxieties that keep many women from taking risks and trying new things. She outlines a five-part “journey from fear to freedom” and suggests beginning by asking yourself, Is staying in my comfort zone really protecting me?

WRITTEN
BY
SARA
REISTAD-LONG

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SUPERBUGS IN YOUR SUPPER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 125 yet conclusive, but a project conducted by Lance Price, PhD, a microbiologist at George Washington University, provides a hint. For several years, he has analyzed the genetic codes of resistant bacteria found in UTIs and on supermarket meat, using samples from one large city as a proxy for the entire United States. The overlap so far comes out to 10 percent. “And that’s our conservative estimate,” Price says. “But 10 percent means that 600,000 to 800,000 UTI infections every year are coming from the food supply in the United States.”

So until antibiotics are removed from the food chain, how do you protect yourself from resistant UTIs? Your first step is to try to avoid getting any kind of bladder infection. The Mayo Clinic advises wiping yourself from front to back after a bowel movement and emptying your bladder right after intercourse. Also, follow standard food-preparation-safety recommendations. To reduce your exposure to antibiotics, buy meat, especially chicken, that comes from animals raised without them. The most trustworthy label claim, approved by the U.S. Department of Agriculture, is NO ANTIBIOTICS EVER, or NAE. If you want antibiotic-free poultry, NAE is a better choice than ORGANIC, because USDA rules allow antibiotic use in organic chickens early in their lives.

Because farms are not always vigilant and meat can be contaminated during packaging or while it’s handled at a store, NAE is not ironclad protection, but it greatly reduces the odds of exposure to resistant bugs. Most major chicken companies have no-antibiotics subsidiaries, and their products are widely available.

Researchers of the resistant-UTI problem point out that the more consumers buy antibiotic-free meat, the more farmers will produce it. Conversely, says Price, “every time farmers use antibiotics, we encourage the next wave of superbugs.” With antibiotics being employed across a large swath of animal farms, “we are providing resistant bacteria with a lot of opportunities,” he adds. ☺

MARYN MCKENNA is a contributing writer at *Wired* and is writing a book for *National Geographic* about antibiotic use in agriculture. @marynmck

THE INCREDIBLE LIGHTNESS OF SISTERHOOD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73 morphine but won’t ask for it. This is when I’m glad I’m her health proxy. “Give it to her as often as she needs it,” I tell Jennifer. A few drops on the tongue. Great stuff, morphine.

I’m not with her when she dies, at around 8:45 AM on Sunday, October 20, 2013. Jennifer calls to let me know, saying the end was so peaceful, it was hard to tell exactly when it happened. I take a cab to Juliette’s apartment to wait for the funeral home to pick her up. Everything is prearranged and paid for, the relevant paperwork in neat folders on the dining room table. Juliette wants no funeral and no memorial, just cremation and burial at sea. If she did want a memorial service, I wouldn’t be the right person to arrange it. I hate those things.

When I get back home, I kiss Nellie’s black-striped head. “You win,” I tell her. She emits a small grunt. In another couple of weeks, it will indisputably be her time.

I’ve never lost a friend as close as Juliette. I certainly can’t say I didn’t see it coming. I can say she evaluated her position, made the best available choice and didn’t regret it for a second. I’m still not sure what it will mean to mourn her, because as her executor, I’ve basically become her, carrying out her wishes as best I can. I’ve had to empty her apartment—did I mention that she had more than 10,000 books?—sell it and prepare to distribute her assets, mostly to charity. I’m the best person for this job. I knew her very well.

Of course, I can no longer have that endless conversation with her about what we’re reading or writing or seeing or hearing, about everything that matters or doesn’t matter. At some point, I’m going to have to open the last half bottle of her Champagne. It’s still sitting in my fridge. ☹

MARCIA MENTER, a writer and poet, is the author of *The Office Sutras: Exercises for Your Soul at Work*.

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TÉA LEONI

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79 After years of striving for control, trying to wrap her arms around the messy, uncontrollable whole of her life, Leoni has at last concluded that her energy may be better spent elsewhere. "Now when the kids walk in, I'm listening to them and just loving them. I'm not worried about the equivalent of the diaper bag. I'm not looking in the wrong direction. I'm a much better witness than I was."

She and Duchovny still coparent and talk almost daily. They even shared a rental house with the kids and extended family during the most recent holidays. Boys in one room, girls in another. "On occasion, I want to throttle him," Leoni says of her ex. "But in any real relationship with someone you love, that's true."

As for tabloid rumors of a romance with costar Daly, Leoni explains that after the horror show of surviving a private divorce in the public eye, "especially after what it did to my kids," she will "never speak again" about her personal relationships. That said, even a casual observation of the pair's chemistry and shared bigheartedness suggests if ever there were two people who should be together, it's them.

In every way, Leoni is embracing her second act. "I'm more capable than I've ever been," she declares. "I'm getting much better at noticing that life is good. That everything passes. I tell my children that. Think about the now, not the then or later. That's the art."

After a much-needed dessert of chocolate cake and ice cream, Leoni exits the restaurant and inhales a deep breath on the streets of her hometown, the snow swirling in circles around her. She reflects on her life so far, all the magic and mystery of it, also the rough patches, the bruises.

"I wouldn't trade my trauma for all the tea in China," she concludes with certainty. "My trauma landed me right here. And I love it here." She tightens her coat to shut out the storm and turns to walk into the night.

"Pain is where you grow," she shouts over one shoulder, eyes flickering with delight. "Bring it on." ☺

ALLISON GLOCK is an award-winning writer whose work has appeared in the *New Yorker*, *Esquire* and *Garden & Gun*. This is her first cover story for *More*.

INDIA HICKS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 95 ambassadors need her, but the bet is that the products themselves will be so infused with her seductive spirit that they'll speak for themselves.

So far, the initial reaction has been good, and she's proud to report that on her last trip to London, she carried the Duchess of Windsor bag (a handsome shoulder tote in a sturdy bird's-eye fabric and the same hardware used by Ralph Lauren), and someone asked if it was Tod's. Already she is working on expanding the line into jewelry. And in March, Rizzoli will release her third book, *India Hicks Island Style*, which will be available on her new website along with her products.

"I've just sort of accidentally built this over the years," she tells me during a lunch of curried acorn squash soup (made by her English nanny-cook, Claire) and conch salad (from a stand down the road). "I realized I'd been running around the world, doing all these different ventures, but I didn't own any of it. At the same time, I began to see a certain angst among my friends—restless women, competent women who had been working before they became wives and mothers. And now that their kids are grown, it's hard to get back into the workforce. So I thought, Let's share a business. I'll start it, and they can do it on their own terms."

The hope is that Hicks's personal narrative will set the brand apart. "It's a faith, this business," Hicks says. "It's different than most of the direct-sales models we looked at, whether for jewelry or fashion, because I'm also selling stories. I know I could be living in England, having a nice job at Sotheby's or something with 2.1 children. But I live life differently. I took an opportunity; I saw the advantage in it. And that's what I'm trying to say to these women." ☺

JULIA REED is the author of five books, including *But Mama Always Puts Vodka in Her Sangria! Adventures in Eating, Drinking, and Making Merry*. @juliaevansreed

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ON SWITCHING FROM MD TO MAKEUP

"Both my parents were doctors, and I was pre-med in college; I never even went to beauty school. But I've always loved makeup and wanted to try my hand as an artist. So I started hustling: I did makeup anywhere, on anyone. Anything that wasn't nailed to the ground, I did makeup on."

ON LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT "Makeup led me to my husband. I met him on a photo shoot; I was the makeup artist, and he was the photographer. He told me at the shoot, 'You might as well go to dinner with me because you're going to marry me someday.' So we did. I didn't mean to fall in love that day. I was just going to work."

ON SAVORING EVERY SECOND "My mother was diagnosed with breast cancer when I was less than a year old, and they gave her six months to live. She proved them wrong and lived until I was 17. But my childhood was a bit of a wonderland, because my mother's philosophy was to live every day as if it were her last. We took all these amazing vacations, she taught me how to walk in heels in the fourth grade—she wanted to make sure she got it all in."

ON WHY 40 IS FIERCE "I'm never going to have that 18-year-old ass again. But at this point in my life, I am aiming for something that's much more valuable: respect."

ON HER SURPRISING BEAUTY TRICK

"I'm a moisturizer fanatic. My favorites are Mario Badescu Oil Free Moisturizer SPF 30 [\$28; mariobadescu.com] and Dr. Gross Age Erase Moisture [\$48; sephora.com]. To make the most of my moisturizer, I top it with my face primer [Mally Beauty Perfect Prep Poreless Primer, \$35; mallybeauty.com] before bed. It keeps the moisturizer from rubbing off or evaporating." ☺

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